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OUR JOURNEY TO

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BY  
JACOB H. SCHIFF



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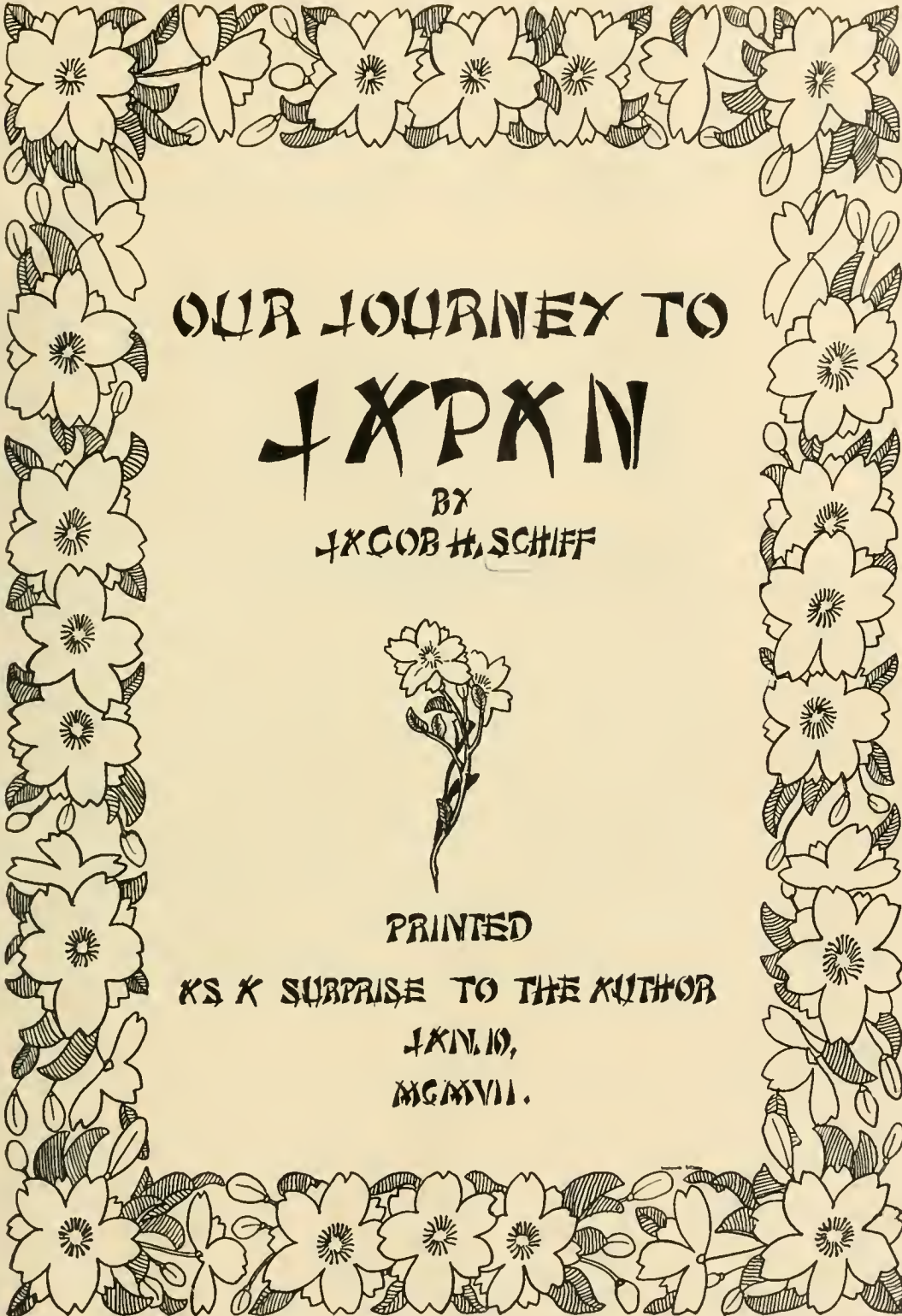






With the compliments of  
Jacob H. Schiff





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## OUR JOURNEY TO JAPAN

OUR start is made on February 22d in the early forenoon. The grandchildren, Carola, Frederick, Gerald, Baby Paul, Dorothy (John having been left at home), all have come to 965 Fifth Avenue to bid good-by to grandparents. A bright, sunny morning, and we start from home in the finest of spirits, accompanied, as traveling companion, by our nephew, Ernst H. Schiff. At the Twenty-third Street ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad we meet our other traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heidelbach, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Budge, and Mr. and Mrs. Siegmund Neustadt. Aside from our children, and the family, we find a bevy of friends assembled at the ferry, who have come to wish us Godspeed, most of these accompanying us to Jersey City, where a special train furnished by the Union Pacific Railroad, consisting of two private cars, baggage and officers' car, is waiting to take us on board for our journey across the continent. The start is made at

eleven o'clock, and with the speed of the Pennsylvania Limited trains we proceed through the Eastern States to Pittsburg, which we reach in the evening, proceeding thence promptly to Chicago, and reaching Chicago at nine o'clock in the morning, February 23d. We do not tarry, but proceed, after taking on a dining car, around the town and over the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Our journey becomes interrupted at Sterling, Ill., where we find the track broken in two by an ice gorge. After six hours' delay, the prompt repair of the railroad being found impracticable, our train is switched to the tracks of the Illinois Railroad, over which we proceed to Omaha, reaching there in the early morning of February 24th. Here we are joined by Mr. Mohler, Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railroad, who takes our party in charge to accompany us over his line. In rapid flight we hasten westward. The country at this time of the year offers little of interest—only barren fields and snow-covered mountains. Without any incident we reach Salt Lake City on Sunday, February 25th, at noon, where we are received by Mr. Bancroft, Vice-President of the Oregon Short Line Railroad, and taken to the Knutsford Hotel for a day's stay in the

city of the Mormons. Salt Lake City is a fine inland town, having been laid out with considerable foresight by Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church—its founder. The city has little of particular note or attraction except the Tabernacle and Temple, the latter not accessible to those not belonging to the Mormon Church. We visit, however, the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon during service, which a vast mass of people is attending, the service being rather monotonous. Next morning, Monday, February 26th, a private recital at the Tabernacle is arranged for our party through the good offices of Rabbi Freund, which we enjoy greatly and at the conclusion of which we proceed direct to the station and leave Salt Lake City at noon over the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, the new short line to southern California, recently completed. Its general manager, Mr. Wells (with his wife), joins our party to see us safely over the line. We proceed along the Salt Lake, take note of a number of new large smelters in course of construction, and after a quiet evening we retire amid wintry scenery, to rise on Tuesday, February 27th, greeted by the early summer beauty of southern California. The railroad traverses blooming orange

groves, the trees heavily laden with the beautiful golden fruit, and before long we reach Los Angeles in the early forenoon. Here we do not stop except to change engines and to have attached to our train the car of Mr. Calvin, Vice-President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, who, with other officials of his company, has come down from San Francisco to bid us welcome into his territory and to accompany us to Santa Barbara, where we arrive during the afternoon of the same day and where we purpose to rest several days. A short walk brings us from the Southern Pacific station to the Potter Hotel, where quarters have been reserved for us. The Potter is a new caravansary of enormous size, accommodating something like 1,500 people, the hotel being quite full at this season; it is kept on the so-called American plan, and we are fairly well provided for there. The rooms assigned to us are light and airy, very plain in their appointments. The fare at the hotel, while plentiful, is not of a high order, but we have been so greatly spoiled by the splendid dining arrangements which had been made for us in our special train across the continent, that perhaps our judgment as to hotel food has become somewhat biased. We pass the evening

quietly at the hotel, meeting a number of acquaintances, among others Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of London, who already had been to our house in New York and who inform us that they are likewise bound for Japan on the same steamer we purpose taking. The next morning, Wednesday, February 28th, we set out in carriages to explore the beauties of the surroundings of Santa Barbara, taking a drive to Monte Cito and Miramare—two most attractive villa settlements—and return to the hotel for luncheon. In the afternoon, accompanied by the ladies, we take a walk through the town, which in itself offers little of interest, but we are all pleased to get some exercise, which, after the several days on the railroad cars, we all are in need of. The evening is passed quietly in the lobby of the hotel. Next day, Thursday, March 1st, we again utilize the forenoon for driving, this time into the hills surrounding Santa Barbara, which for beauty of views challenge comparison. Indeed, some of our party are of the opinion that the shores of Southern Italy, from Sorrento to Amalfi, so celebrated for their great scenic beauty, do not excel the charming vistas of this mountain drive. We return to the hotel after a three hours' outing, enthused by the impressions we received, and

unanimously vote Santa Barbara "one of the most beautiful spots on earth." In the afternoon an excursion to Santa Barbara Mission, about two miles distant, is undertaken, the men on foot, the ladies taking the very comfortable trolley car. Santa Barbara Mission, with its church and little cemetery, is one of the many similar missions which were planted by the Spaniards along the southern California coast at the time of their conquest of the country, and like most of these Missions offers little else than historic interest. The evening is again spent quietly at the hotel. The following morning, Friday, March 2d, we are again ready for a drive, this time the Cliff drive being chosen. This stretches along the shores of the Pacific, and while very charming, does not offer anything of special interest to dwell upon. We are gone some two hours and a half and return to the hotel in time for luncheon. In the afternoon we repair to the Country Club for tea. The little club, about two miles distant, is charmingly situated, overlooking the sea. The ladies return to the hotel by carriage, while Budge, Neustadt, and I have a fine walk along the asphalted boulevard, which stretches along the ocean almost the entire distance from the Country Club to the town.

Once more the evening is spent at the hotel, in conversation with a number of Eastern friends, who have arrived during the day. Saturday, March 3d, becomes a more or less enforced day of rest. The weather threatening rain, we take a short walk only in the morning, and we have scarcely returned to the hotel before the downpour comes on in considerable volume, so that we are compelled to stay indoors the balance of the day. Having arranged to depart the next morning, we go on board of our train late Saturday evening, all glad to be back again in our palatial moving quarters, which no hotel can surpass. Early the following morning (Sunday, March 4th) our train starts northward for San Francisco. It is a most beautiful ride along the Californian coast between Santa Barbara and San Francisco, a distance of about 375 miles. First ascending the St. Marguerita Mountains, a fine piece of engineering, the railroad keeps continually in sight of the ocean, traversing a number of the most lovely valleys, passing Mount Hamilton, topped by the Lick Observatory, and entering the magnificent Santa Clara Valley, which it follows almost its entire length before San Francisco is reached. We arrive at the latter place

at five o'clock in the afternoon, and all feel rather sorry to abandon the comfortable cars, in which we have traveled almost 4,000 miles between the Atlantic and Pacific. All are full of appreciation of the manner in which Mr. Hudson, the Assistant Superintendent of the Dining-room service of the Union Pacific Railroad, who accompanied us from New York to look after our comfort, has discharged every detail of this duty which had been assigned to him. Quarters for our party at San Francisco having been engaged at the St. Francis Hotel, we repair there and find most comfortable rooms ready for our reception. The evening is well advanced before the very considerable load of baggage of the entire party arrives from the station and is properly distributed in the divers apartments, so dinner time has come before we are ready for the evening meal. We dine at the hotel, and as the restaurant is to our liking, we then and there conclude not to accept invitations during the few days of our stay in San Francisco. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lilienthal and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal come to welcome us, and the evening passes rapidly in pleasant conversation. Our rooms become filled with beautiful flowers sent by friends, and remain so during our entire



stay, enabling us to enjoy the nice bright flowers in which San Francisco excels. After a good night's rest we plan (Monday, March 5th) to see to advantage the sights that San Francisco offers; but in this we are unfortunately interrupted by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heidelberg, who inform us of their decision to return to Paris. It appears Mrs. Heidelberg's uncle, Mr. Rubens, of Paris, had been suddenly taken ill, and fearing his end to be near, expressed the desire that Mr. and Mrs. Heidelberg do not proceed further, but rather return, to meet him again before his end. Thus these friends have no choice but to abandon their cherished wish to come with us to Japan and are compelled to arrange to return. They decide to leave for New York on March 7th, with the intention of sailing from there on March 15th. All of this is much of a disappointment to every one of our party, for we all have become much attached to these friends, who had proved most congenial traveling companions. In a desire to spend the two days which remained before the Heidelbachs' departure to best advantage, we arrange for automobiles, immediately after luncheon, to visit the Presidio (the United States military settlement), the Golden Gate (San Francisco's renowned

and picturesque harbor entrance), the Golden Gate Park, and the Cliff House, all of which Mother and I had already seen on two previous visits to San Francisco, and which prove of renewed interest. The weather is glorious, and Nature, yet so retarded at this season on the Atlantic coast, is already springlike, the atmosphere being very exhilarating. We enjoy three hours of most refreshing outing and return to the hotel in high spirits. Dinner is again taken at the hotel at a late hour, and after a short stay in the lobby of the hotel, where the guests lounge in the evening, we retire to our rooms and are soon in Morpheus's arms. Tuesday morning, March 6th, is utilized by the ladies for some shopping, by the men to visit friends, my own visits being to the officials of the Southern Pacific Company, to Mr. Lilienthal at the Anglo-Californian Bank, to Mr. Hellman at the Wells-Fargo Nevada National Bank, and to the Yokohama Specie Bank. The entire party then takes luncheon under the guidance of Major Rathbone at Finkfan's Restaurant, which proves very enjoyable. In the afternoon all take the trolley cars for the Golden Gate Park—desiring to enjoy this beautiful bit of landscape gardening by exploring it on foot—partake of tea in the park in

Japanese style at the very nice Japanese Garden, and return to the hotel toward evening. Once more we take dinner among ourselves at the hotel restaurant, and after dinner receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Hellman, Sr., as well as from their son and his wife, who remain until late. Next morning (Wednesday, March 7th) brings us, to our great chagrin, the parting from Mr. and Mrs. Heidelberg, whom we take to the ferry for a last adieu before they retrace their steps eastward. Thus our party becomes reduced from nine to seven, but we conclude that we must not permit this to interfere with the good spirits with which we had set out and which so far have been so well maintained. The party separates for luncheon, we ourselves taking our midday meal at Delmonico's, rather a second-class restaurant. In the afternoon Mother and I set out to make a few purchases and then visit Keith's Studio, where we look at a number of the fine landscape paintings which have made this artist celebrated, and we decide upon the purchase of an attractive, not entirely completed canvas, which we order to be shipped, upon completion, to our country home at Seabright, where we hope to place it to good advantage. Leaving Keith's Studio we make a few calls and then go for

tea to Mrs. Phil Lilienthal's residence, where we meet quite an assemblage of ladies, who have come to greet the ladies of our party. For the evening Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Phil Lilienthal, join us at the hotel at a farewell dinner. This proves quite a nice little affair and we remain together until a late hour. The next day (Thursday, March 8th) is sailing day for Japan. We have to bestir ourselves early, so that the considerable baggage can be taken in good time to the steamer, which is to depart at one o'clock. Just as we are about to leave the hotel, shortly after eleven o'clock, my relative, Robert Niederhofheim, comes into the hotel lobby, having just arrived from Japan. As we have no time to spare, we ask him to accompany us to the steamer, which he does. It is rather a novel incident: Niederhofheim crossing our path coming from the far Orient, whither we are bound, to return to the East, from where we have just come. On board the S.S. "Manchuria" all is life and bustle. Our staterooms are filled with flowers, fruits, and other gifts, not only from San Francisco friends, but also from friends in New York, some twenty of our friends having thus remembered us, which much touches us; moreover, any number of telegrams reach

us, bidding us adieu and Godspeed upon our long journey. The "Manchuria" leaves punctually at one o'clock, and before we are aware of it we pass through the Golden Gate on our way to the Far East. Thus our long-cherished plan to visit Japan, which at times looked something like a chimera, has really entered upon its realization. Starting, as already said, at one o'clock, we soon sit down to our first meal on board of the "Manchuria." We have a table to ourselves for the party, the chief steward and his assistant placing themselves at our disposal for anything we desire. The food is quite palatable, plenty of variety, and with the delicacies and dainties which have been sent to us by our friends we feel assured we shall not suffer for want of food. The Chinese attendants look very picturesque, tall men, dressed in blue kaftans at breakfast and luncheon and entirely in white at dinner, with their pigtails hanging down almost to the floor. Our own suite of rooms—sitting room, bedroom, and bath—is most comfortable, the entire ship having a cheery look, and sailing along with remarkable steadiness; indeed, hardly anyone on board appears to be seasick. The company is pleasant, about 230 first-class passengers, some going only to Honolulu, but the large ma-

jority bound for Japan and China; a number of merchants going out to the East on business, but a more considerable number being tourists, going to Japan, most of them on their maiden voyage to the Far East. We meet a number of acquaintances, some of whom have letters of introduction to me, such as Dr. Biddle, of Philadelphia, with his wife and three daughters, accompanied by Mr. Laughlin, of Pittsburg, pleasant people, who, however, leave the ship at Honolulu, where they are to remain for two weeks before proceeding further. Of the Gordons I have already spoken, and gradually we become acquainted with most of the passengers, some of whom claim to know me by reputation, and introduce themselves. Thus a pleasant intercourse springs up; there are no cliques, such as are frequently found on the Atlantic lines, and life on board soon settles down into a comfortable routine. I generally rise with the first gong at 7.30, take breakfast at half past eight, and then start for an hour's walk, finishing this shortly after ten o'clock. By that time Mother, who takes breakfast in her room, is ready to come on deck, and we take another short walk together, have short chats with friends, and about 11.30 o'clock I settle down

with Ernst Schiff to dictate these leaves. This takes up the time until the luncheon hour, one o'clock, when we meet in the dining room, all generally in fine humor and especially friend Budge, whose dry humor and good appetite often force a smile even upon the otherwise placid faces of the Chinese stewards. It is much of a pleasure and satisfaction to see friend Budge in his sixty-sixth year so youthful in his activities and so ready to take everything from the most pleasant side. Friend Neustadt, too, is in perfect humor, pays court to every lady on shipboard, irrespective of age, though he appears to have a preference for the younger and pretty ones. After luncheon we disperse and a stillness settles over the ship; apparently the requirements of the digestion and the strong sea air produce heavy eyelids and make most passengers indulge in a soothing afternoon nap, notwithstanding the denial which the accusation that such is the case brings forth on the part of most. Tea hour is from four to five o'clock; we take our tea with the ladies, upon which occasion some pleasant "Klatsch" is generally indulged in, without any reputations being, however, sacrificed. Promptly after tea Budge, Neustadt, and Ernst take me in hand for the completion of my edu-

cation, it having been decided between Mother and these friends that I must learn the game of bridge, and learn I must, whether I want to or not. They say I am making fair progress, though I know I have no card sense; but since the journey to Japan and the return home will consume some thirty days on ship-board, that time ought to suffice to turn me at least into a fair dummy player; *qui vivra verra!* Our game of bridge generally lasts until shortly after six o'clock, when another constitutional is taken, the ordinary clothing exchanged for the dinner jacket, and at seven o'clock punctually, at the sound of the gong, we are ready for our evening meal. This lasts until about eight o'clock and then the gentlemen repair to the smoking room, the ladies withdrawing into the music room and lobbies for the rest of the evening. Mother generally occupies herself in the evening hours with embroidering and conversation, while I use the hours after dinner for correspondence, ending up with another short walk before I retire at about eleven o'clock. Six days after our departure from San Francisco, early on Wednesday morning, March 14th, we sight the Hawaiian Islands and we reach Honolulu at eight o'clock A.M., when the steamer makes fast at her



wharf. When leaving San Francisco, Mr. Phil Lilienthal had made me acquainted with Colonel Macfarlane, a co-passenger on the "Manchuria," chamberlain to the late King of Hawaii, a personal friend, whom he had asked to arrange that our party could see Honolulu to best advantage during the short stop the steamer would make. Because of this Colonel Macfarlane fully discussed on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu plans how to get the best out of our short stay at Honolulu. Captain Saunders, of the "Manchuria," who had been instructed to make himself agreeable to us as far as the service would permit, informed me after leaving San Francisco that discretion had been given him by the executive officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to defer the usual departure of the steamer from Honolulu for twelve or eighteen hours, should I so desire, and as the Captain informed me we should likely arrive at Honolulu in the early morning, I arranged with him to defer the departure from the usual hour of sailing at the usual time of six o'clock in the afternoon of the same day to ten o'clock the next morning. Upon our arrival at Honolulu we are met by Mr. Kishi, a Japanese gentleman, agent of the Yokohama Specie

Bank, who had been advised of our coming by Mr. Imanishi, the New York agent of the same bank, and who expresses the desire to show us some attention; further by Mr. Shingle, of the Henry Waterhouse Trust Company, likewise a friend of Mr. Lilienthal. I suggest to Colonel Macfarlane that he arrange with these gentlemen for a division of the time at our disposal, and that whatever programme they might work out would be agreeable to our party. Automobiles are in waiting and before long we are rapidly taken over a fine macadamized road a distance of about one hour to the "Pali," a huge projection of perhaps a thousand feet elevation, overlooking a splendid countryside and the ocean. After having enjoyed this fine bit of scenery, we retrace our steps and take a ride through the Chinese and Portuguese settlement to the so-called "Punchbowl," a hilly volcanic formation, from which likewise a fine but different view is enjoyed. We then drive through other suburbs of Honolulu, with many fine residences, and we greatly enjoy the luxurious tropical vegetation of the island, which abounds in royal palms, orange trees, pepper trees, rice fields, and rich, beautiful flora. We are told that this vegetation, while not quite as luxuriant in the winter as in summer,

is almost the same in all seasons, the temperature of the island being almost unvaried all the year around, an average of between seventy and seventy-five degrees. Indeed, one can hardly imagine, without having seen it with one's own eyes, the fascination of this perfect paradise, the soothing effect of its climate, and the joy called forth through a nature so abundant in its richest gifts. Our forenoon automobile ride ends at the Moana Hotel, a modern hostelry, situated near the sea, which latter throws its waves upon the beach in the most perfect colors of blue, white, and green. At the Moana Hotel Mr. Kishi has provided luncheon for the entire party, in an airy dining pavilion; we much enjoy the meal, and during its progress we have an opportunity to see something of the winter population of Honolulu, which largely consists of Americans who have come to the island to escape the severe American climate and to enjoy instead the island's eternal Spring weather. Besides our own party, there are also at the luncheon a Mr. and Mrs. Greenbaum, friends of Budge and Neustadt; Mr. Hackfeld, one of the large merchants of Honolulu, representing the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; Mr. Shingle, Colonel Macfarlane, and two or three other representative Honolulu

people. After luncheon we again take to the automobiles to ride to the Aquarium, which has collected in its sea-water tanks some exceedingly beautiful specimens of fish of rare colors, odd-shaped crabs, and other curious ocean specimens, in which the waters surrounding the island abound. We then proceed to the residence of Governor Cleghorn, an elderly Scotch gentleman, who settled on the island over fifty years ago and married one of the King's sisters, and whose daughter, the late King having no children, would have succeeded to the Hawaiian throne had the monarchy been maintained. We are told by Colonel Macfarlane that the young girl was sent to England there to receive an education specially to fit her for the royal duties which it was expected would devolve upon her. While she was in England, the revolution broke out at Honolulu in 1891, by which the then existing Hawaiian Government was overthrown. Queen Liliuokalani, who had succeeded her brother, the King, at his death in 1887, became dethroned. It all ended in the turning over of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, and when the young Princess, Governor Cleghorn's daughter, returned from England in 1896 she found her future kingdom a thing of the past and the throne of her an-

cestors lost forever. She soon after died, it is said, of a broken heart. Governor Cleghorn, to whom we are introduced by Colonel Macfarlane, welcomes us personally to his place, which consists of a large and beautiful park full of cocoanut groves and other palm trees and has fine vistas into the surrounding country. After having escorted us through the park, the Governor asks us into the reception hall, a large lofty structure, in which are arranged mementos of the royal Hawaiian family, pictures of the Kings and Queens, and among them the portrait of Governor Cleghorn's Hawaiian wife, who—as I have already said—was a sister of the late King and ex-Queen Liliuokalani, together with portraits of his deceased young daughter, the late Princess and heir apparent. Tea is served by attractive Japanese maidens, after which we take our leave, some of the party to go surf bathing, Mother and I to pay a visit to Mrs. Bicherton, an early resident of Honolulu, who had expressed the desire to show us some hospitality, at the instance of our Japanese friend, Mrs. Imanishi, of New York, who had been brought up in her family. Leaving Mrs. Bicherton, who with her son is very hearty in her reception, we drive to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where we have

arranged to spend the night, having invited our own party and the friends we had made at Honolulu to meet us at dinner at the hotel. It has been a strenuous day for Mother, and while she retires for an hour's rest, I attend to some correspondence and arrange for the dinner, a table for fourteen being set upon the open piazza of the hotel. Our guests soon begin to arrive, including—aside from the members of our own party—Colonel Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Kishi (the latter a neat Japanese who hardly speaks English, but with whom as my dinner partner I get along very well), Mr. Atkinson, the acting Governor of the Hawaiian Islands (the Governor himself being away in the United States); Mr. Hackfeld, Mr. Shingle, Mr. Campbell, and Captain Saunders, of the "Manchuria." The dinner, while nothing to boast of from a Lucullian point of view, passes off finely, all being in the best of humor. Colonel Macfarlane in a neat little speech proposes Mother's and my own health, to which I respond in a few words, and then almost everyone has somebody's health to propose, and much merriment prevails. Dinner being over shortly after nine o'clock, we repair to the open lobby and there meet a number of our co-passengers, some of whom, like the Biddles

and Mr. Laughlin, have concluded to remain in Honolulu until the sailing of the succeeding steamer for Japan. Meantime we have been informed that the managers of the Japanese Country Club have arranged to hold a reception and give a garden party in our honor later in the evening. We therefore soon get into the automobiles to drive to the Japanese Club grounds, some three miles from the city, Dr. and Mrs. Biddle and Mr. Laughlin joining us upon our invitation. Reaching the club, we find its extensive grounds tastefully decorated with Japanese lanterns, etc., and entering the clubhouse, we are received by the music of the Hawaiian Band, an orchestra of native Hawaiians, under the leadership of a German conductor, who appears to be quite an original. The band plays a number of pieces, part of them in accompaniment to a native female soloist who has quite a charming voice; the plaintive tunes composing these peculiar airs make quite a pathetic impression, sounding as they do like the swan song of a once comparatively mighty race, now rapidly dwindling and passing away among the civilization of the white race, crowding it out of existence. The orchestra having finished, we again enter the club rooms, where we hold a reception, the Japa-

nese residents of Honolulu having expressed the desire to be presented to us. This over, we are taken to the auditorium of the Club, where first a number of Hawaiian girls perform native dances, a sensuous show, which is rather unsympathetic. Following this, some young Japanese geisha girls appear who, it is explained, are to perform a dance, embodying the subjugation of Russia by Japan and the reestablishment of peace between the two countries. This proves to be a very neat and attractive performance, especially on the part of the youngest dancer, a little girl only nine years old. The dancing being over, we are invited into the dining hall, where a sumptuous champagne supper is served, and when we rise at midnight to return to the hotel, we feel that we have passed a day full of interest and of novel impressions. Mother, Ernst, and I remain this night at the hotel, the other members of the party returning to the steamer for the night's rest. We rise, splendidly refreshed by a cool night's sleep, bright and early the next morning (Thursday, March 15th) and are met by the indefatigable Colonel Macfarlane, who informs us that ex-Queen Liliuokalani has expressed a desire to meet us before we leave Honolulu and would be ready to



receive us at half past nine o'clock, the steamer's departure having been set for ten o'clock. Finishing our breakfast, the other members of our party come from the steamer to join us, and once more the automobiles are called into requisition to take us to the residence of the ex-Queen. Here we find the stately looking old brown lady, surrounded by some of her ladies-in-waiting, who, we understand, are relatives, also Prince David, one of her nephews by marriage, and we are told she is thus maintaining the appearance and dignity of sovereignty, which in reality has passed away entirely; the United States Government is allowing her a small competence, with which she can hardly do more than keep body and soul together. The ex-Queen continues, however, to be much beloved by the natives and respected by the white population because of her dignified life, which she dedicates to good work, as far as in her power. Queen Liliuokalani expresses much satisfaction in meeting us, presenting the ladies of the party with enameled coats of arms of the royal house in the form of breastpins, honoring Mother by a specially nice specimen, and as we have only very little time to spare we depart, after the exchange of civilities, rapidly driving to the steamer, the departure

of which we feel we must not delay; it could, however, not well have left without us, as we had taken the captain with us to the Queen's reception, and held him as hostage in order to be certain not to be left behind. On the wharf we again find the Hawaiian orchestra, which receives us this time with cheerful music, such as the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Die Wacht am Rhein," etc., and with these strains, with endless cheers on the part of our Honolulu friends, who have come to bid us adieu, we sail away in high spirits. The morning is beautiful, the sky cloudless, the ocean of the deepest blue, and long shall we remember the warmth with which we were received and the impressions which we enjoyed from our only too short visit to this perfect paradise in mid-Pacific. The steamer passes, just after leaving its wharf, through waters so perfectly clear that one can see almost to the bottom of the sea, and it is quite a sight to observe young natives swim for a considerable distance alongside the steamer, begging for nickels and dimes, after which, when thrown to them into the water, they dive and bring up between their teeth, without missing in a single instance. A hard way to make a living, but, it must be supposed, to these natives a perfectly natural one. We are now once more

on our good boat, preparing for our twelve days' sail and settling down accordingly. A number of the passengers have remained at Honolulu, but others have taken their places and soon are absorbed into the family of the cabin passengers. Plans are daily made and carried out for amusement and entertainment. Dancing on deck on some evenings to the tune of a phonograph, games and sports, such as sack races, potato races, egg races, boxing bouts, Japanese and Chinese baby shows, and similar fun are the order of the day, while a very successfully arranged progressive bridge game, participated in by the majority of the passengers, creates much interest and excitement on one evening. On Friday evening, March 23d, a ladies' committee, including Mother, arrange a concert for the benefit of the sufferers from the famine in the North of Japan. The entertainment comes off most successfully and nets, together with the balance of some other small funds which had been raised for various purposes during the voyage, a total of about \$400, which amount Ernst Schiff, who acted as treasurer, is going to turn over to the Japanese Famine Committee on our arrival at Yokohama. Ernst has made himself very useful in general in getting up the various entertainments, and

being one of the very few young men on board, he has been much of a favorite with the ladies. In making a record of our doings on board I should not omit to mention the visit made with Captain Saunders to the different parts of the ship, the cleanly kitchen and pantry, the enormous cold-storage and refrigerator rooms, the engine room being first inspected, and our round then leading us to the Asiatic steerage, where Chinese and Japanese, young and old, are housed in surprisingly cleanly and well-ventilated quarters. An opium den is part of the outfit of this section, as the Chinese insist that this provision must be made for them, and likewise the starboard deck, which is set apart for the Asiatic steerage passengers, is covered with gambling tables, mostly roulette, run by Chinese croupiers. The captain tells us that efforts have repeatedly been made to do away with this, but that it was found that if this was persisted in, it would become well-nigh impossible to retain the ship's crew or to get steerage passengers, gambling being to the Chinese almost as necessary as food or air. The most unpleasant part of this, however, is that quite a number of the cabin passengers participate in this gambling as a pastime, without feeling the disgrace they thus bring

upon themselves. This certainly ought to be strictly prohibited by the management of the company. We have made excellent runs, which this day (Sunday, March 25th) have brought us almost a day ahead of our schedule, so that we may expect to land at Yokohama this afternoon.

We sight land at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and in another five hours we reach the harbor of Yokohama, where the steamer casts anchor outside of the breakwater. A tedious procedure is gone through before the quarantine authorities—all passengers, as their names are called from the list, having to pass the physician, a stern-looking young official. This done, a number of people come on board from shore, among whom we find Mr. Fukai, the private secretary of Mr. Takahashi, whom I had already met with the latter in New York, and who brings a Mr. Kitashima, who, as he explains, has been delegated by the Bank of Japan to remain with us during our entire stay in Japan, to look after our comfort, to arrange our plans, and to make himself generally useful and agreeable, two guides having been moreover engaged for us, to be under the supervision of Mr. Kitashima. The latter, a man of about thirty-five, tells us that he is

a Harvard graduate, has lived a number of years in the United States, and has married an American. This all puts us at once at our ease, and makes us feel at home from the outset. Mr. Howard, the general agent and manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, also presents himself and tells us that he has been specially requested by his company's home officials to do everything he can for us. He places his steam launch at our disposal to take us to the shore, and going aboard the launch we soon are landed at the Yokohama pier. Here, as we mount the carriage, Mr. Mori, private secretary of the Finance Minister, appears to bid us welcome on the latter's behalf; this over, we are driven to the Grand Hotel, a short distance only, where we find comfortable rooms reserved for us. By the time we get settled dinner time has arrived, and we greatly enjoy the meal, the first on Japanese soil, though served in entirely foreign style. Dinner over, we consult Mr. Kitashima what to do with our evening, and he suggests a jinrikisha ride through the town, specially to Theater Street, the most lively thoroughfare during evening hours. We accept the suggestion, and each mounting one of the numerous jinrikishas in front of the hotel, we get our first

experience of this vehicle. The ladies are at first a bit nervous, as the coolies take hold and in rapid pace draw the jinrikishas over the smooth pavement, but soon they get used to this novel mode of transportation, and in after days all get to prefer it to carriage riding. After a short drive we find ourselves on Theater Street, where we alight, as the street is crowded with people, mostly on foot, with whom we mingle—our first experience of a Japanese town and natives. The shops are still open, displaying all kinds of wares in entirely open spaces, the shopkeeper generally sitting among his goods on his haunches in a complacent attitude. After our curiosity has to some extent become satisfied, we return to the hotel at a somewhat late hour, and retire for our first night's sleep in far-away Japan.

*Monday, March 26th.*—The ladies have a desire to see something of the more important shops in Yokohama, and with this in view set out with the guides, while I go with Mr. Kitashima to the Yokohama Specie Bank to make money arrangements, to instruct how my mail from home, which is to come to the bank, is to be disposed of, and to await Mr. Takahashi's arrival. He had telephoned earlier from Tokio that he was coming to Yokohama to meet us, after having first at-

tended a directors' meeting at the Specie Bank, of which he has become the president since his recent return from the United States and Europe, where as vice-governor of the Bank of Japan he had sojourned almost two years in order to negotiate the Japanese Government's war loans. It was through this that Mr. Takahashi and I have become more intimately acquainted. Reaching the Specie Bank, I find Mr. Takahashi already there, and he is as glad to meet me again—and in his own country—as I am to meet him. After a long talk, I leave Mr. Takahashi and the bank, as I had promised to join Mother and the other ladies in the shopping district. I find them at Samurai Shokai's, the largest curio shop in Yokohama, where Mother has already selected a lot of things for my approval, which is willingly given. We visit together some other shops, without, however, making any further acquisitions, and then return to the hotel for luncheon. In the afternoon Mr. Takahashi calls and discusses plans and arrangements relative to our stay in Tokio, whither we expect to move in a day or two. After Mr. Takahashi has left we start for an outing, visit an interesting Buddhist temple, and then go to the "House of a Hundred Steps," a teahouse located upon an eminence reached







Konkys Takahashi

by a long flight of steps. We enjoy a fine view of the city and the bay, have tea at the quaint teahouse, kept by a shrewd elderly Japanese woman, who speaks English and some German, and who shows us a visitors' register containing the names of many well-known foreigners, and in which we likewise inscribe our own. Getting away, the jinrikishas, to which we have by this time adapted ourselves quite nicely, take us through the residential quarter on the bluff, where the foreign residents occupy many very pretty villas. We visit the Yokohama Nursery, inspect there an interesting exhibit of plants and trees, and Mother and I select some fine specimens of dwarf trees, which we order to be sent to New York. Darkness coming on, we return to the hotel, and later, upon invitation of the Neustadts, the entire party joins them at dinner at the Oriental Hotel, where we remain the rest of the evening. Returning to our own hotel, I find a telegram awaiting me from Mr. Fukai, advising me that the Emperor is going to receive me in special audience day after to-morrow, and will give me a luncheon after the audience. This necessitates our departure for Tokio to-morrow morning to arrange the preparations for this high honor.



*Tuesday, March 27th.*—Mother, Ernst, and I, with Mr. Kitashima, start early for Yokohama, the rest of the party deciding to remain another day to visit the nearby Kamakura, intending to join us to-morrow in Tokio. Reaching the railway station, we find a special car reserved for us in the train, and are joined by Mr. Skidmore, counselor of the American Legation. On arriving at Tokio we are officially received by the station master, who accompanies us to our carriage, a large gathering of people forming queue and making respectful expressions. We drive rapidly to the Imperial Hotel, where we find fairly comfortable apartments. Mr. Takahashi comes to luncheon and posts us as to Japanese etiquette, etc. Shortly after luncheon, accompanied by Mr. Fukai, I make a round of official visits, leaving cards on Mr. Wilson, American Chargé d'Affaires; Prime Minister Marquis Saionji, Minister of the Imperial Household Viscount Tanaka, Minister of Finance Sakatani, ex-Prime Minister Count Katsura, ex-Finance Minister Baron Sone, and also calling at the Bank of Japan, where I am welcomed by Mr. Matsuo, the governor of the bank, Vice-Governor Takahashi, and some of the directors. From there we proceed to the House of Parliament,

where I am received by Mr. Mori, the secretary of the Finance Minister, and taken to the special gallery in the House of Peers, where voting is just proceeding on the "Nationalization of the Railroads," etc. A fine body of men these peers, consisting one-fourth of members of the Imperial family, one-fourth of men appointed by the Emperor for their capacity, one-fourth hereditary members, and one-fourth elected members. Impressions of old Japan passing away are crowding upon one, for some of the men are still garbed in typical Japanese dress, thoughtful in their demeanor, but the majority in modern foreign attire and movement. We leave to return to the hotel, where I rejoin Mother and Ernst, who have meantime done some sightseeing, and have also been to Parliament. The evening is spent at the American Legation, where Mr. Wilson, the Chargé d'Affaires, with Mrs. Wilson is giving a dinner in our honor, and where we meet a number of prominent Japanese and also some of the American residents, among others Baron Komura, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, who concluded the peace at Portsmouth; Mr. Takahira, late Minister to the United States; Baron Mitsui; Mr. and Mrs. Sonoda, President of the Nobles'

Bank; Baron and Baroness Kaneko, the latter my table companion, who does not speak a word of English; Mr. Matsuo, Mr. Takahashi, Mr. Loughlin, second secretary of the Legation; Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Bishop Harris, and Finance Minister Sakatani. Mr. Wilson drinks to our health, welcoming us to Japan, and I reply in a few words. Much good will is expressed by the Japanese present, most of whom desire to do something for us and press us to accept invitations, some of which we promise to consider. We leave late, much pleased with the evening.

*Wednesday, March 28th*, is the great gala day for me personally, the private audience with the Mikado being set for half past eleven o'clock, luncheon to be served right after the audience. I am told it is the first time that the Emperor has invited a foreign private citizen to a repast at the palace, heretofore only foreign Princes having been thus honored. The Finance Minister, Mr. Sakatani, is to be my sponsor and to take me to the palace for the audience. He calls at the hotel at eleven o'clock, and we drive direct to the palace. The palace of the Emperor is a modern structure, the old palace having been partly burned about thirty years ago. This new palace was fin-

ished about fifteen years ago. It is in its interior arrangements and appointments a combination of Japanese and Western construction and decoration. Long, wide halls lead to the different state rooms. We are first shown into a large reception room, where we are received by Mr. Nagazaki, the Master of Ceremonies, who speaks English fluently, and who informs the Minister of Finance that the Emperor will receive me alone. He leaves us and returns shortly, stating to me that he has been commanded by his Majesty to invest me with the insignias of the Order of the Rising Sun, which the Emperor has graciously condescended to bestow upon me. Accordingly he divests me of the Star of the Second Order of the Sacred Treasure, which I had received the previous year, and replaces it by the two decorations, composing the second class of the Order of the Rising Sun. Thereupon I am taken through long halls into a smaller reception room, where the Emperor receives me standing. He is dressed in military house uniform (short jacket and koppi), also wearing the order of the Rising Sun and a number of medals. Mr. Nagazaki is at his side as interpreter. The Emperor extends his hand and bids me welcome to Japan, saying that he has heard of the

important assistance I have given the nation at a critical time, and that he is pleased to have an opportunity to thank me in person for it. I reply that I feel my services have been overestimated, but from the start my associates and I, believing in the righteousness of the cause of Japan, when we had the opportunity practically to prove our sympathy, gladly embraced it. Whatever I have done, I continued, has been amply rewarded by his Majesty's graciousness in first bestowing upon me the Second Order of the Sacred Treasure, then this day the Order of the Rising Sun, and more than anything else by so cordially and kindly receiving me in private audience. The Emperor thanks me for these expressions and says he will meet me shortly at his luncheon table. I leave and am taken to the private dining room, where I find some nine gentlemen standing behind their chairs around the table, among others Baron Kaneko, Mr. Sakatani, Mr. Takahashi, Mr. Matsuo, and a son-in-law of Marquis Ito. Shortly the Emperor appears with three aides - de - camp — Princes, as I am told—Mr. Nagazaki, and the Viscount Tanaka, Minister of the Imperial Household. The Emperor sits down between his aides-de-camp, Viscount Tanaka opposite the Emperor, and I am placed







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明治三十九年三月二十六日

宮内大臣子爵田中光顯

勲二等ジエ、エツチ、シツフ殿

IMPERIAL INVITATION TO LUNCHEON

to the right of the minister, Baron Kaneko sitting to my own right. A splendid luncheon is served, entirely in foreign style, the table being likewise decorated in the usual foreign manner. The Emperor appears in excellent appetite and humor, conversing freely, telling of some pleasant occurrences in the early years of his reign. The luncheon nearing its conclusion (after having lasted over an hour), I ask Baron Kaneko whether it would be proper for me to propose the Emperor's health. He sends word to Mr. Nagazaki to inquire, who in turn makes inquiry from the Viscount Tanaka, and the latter being undecided in his answer, Mr. Nagazaki approaches the Emperor, who replies that he would be glad to have me do so. I thereupon rise, and applying to the Emperor the judgment of posterity of our beloved George Washington, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," I drink to his health, wishing him a long life, his own happiness, the happiness of his family, of a people who love him, and of a world which respects him. The toast is drunk and the Emperor lifts his glass, expressing acknowledgment, and proposes my own health, which is likewise drunk by all rising. The Emperor soon rises from the table and commands me again before

him, saying that he hopes we will have pleasant days during our stay in Japan, and that his people will be good and agreeable hosts. I again thank him for the honor he has shown me, and he thereupon departs with his aides-de-camp. The other gentlemen gather around me and heartily congratulate me upon my demeanor and upon what I had said, which evidently had much impressed the Emperor, whom they had never before known to be so gracious to one a stranger to him. I am then shown through the palace and depart at about two o'clock, having been in the palace about two and a half hours. Returning to the hotel, I find the entire party, the Budes and Neustadts having meantime arrived from Yokohama, eagerly awaiting my return and willing to learn of my experience, which I have to tell them in detail. Having had to appear at the audience in evening dress, I change and accompany Mother and the others to Asaka Park, an apparently very popular pleasure ground, crowded with people of the lower class, who evidently find much amusement in the different popular shows going on within the park, which also contains some popular temples, which we visit. We return to the hotel after five o'clock and soon prepare for the dinner at Minis-

ter of Finance Sakatani's official residence, to be given in our honor, at half past seven o'clock. Reaching there in due time, we find a company of about thirty guests, principally high dignitaries, among whom we meet the Marquis Saionji, the Prime Minister, and most of the guests who were at Mr. Wilson's the evening before. I am asked to take Mrs. Chinda (wife of the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs) to dinner and find myself seated between her and Mrs. Sakatani, a sweet-looking Japanese lady, the wife of the Finance Minister, who is in native dress. Both my lady neighbors speak some English and I get along very nicely. Mother is seated to the right of the host, with Mr. Wilson on her other side. The dinner is entirely in foreign style, and at its close the Finance Minister rises and in a Japanese address, which is afterwards repeated in English by his secretary, welcomes us as follows:

*Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

*It is a source of great pleasure to me that you have favored me with your company at the dinner given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Schiff and their party, the most distinguished guests we have ever had from the United States of America.*

*Our friendship with Mr. Schiff began with the opening of the war which has just been closed, though it is only last evening that we had the pleasure of seeing him face to face.*

*In the spring of 1904 our Government, feeling the need of foreign capital in financing the war, sent Mr. Takahashi, vice-president of the Nippon Ginko, to London to negotiate a loan with foreign capitalists, who received the scheme with full sympathy and favor.*

*The future aspect of the war, however, was vague and dark in the eyes of everybody, and it was a matter of great difficulty to float a loan of such a big amount at a time as we expected. It was just then that our financial agent found a great friend in need in the person of one of the ablest American bankers of world-wide connections, who came forward to lend a hand to the English group to carry out the programme to a successful issue. Of course I refer to the principal guest of this evening.*

*Mr. Schiff in a single conversation with Mr. Takahashi offered to underwrite single-handed a half of what we wanted, and our first foreign loan of ten million pounds was floated in the market in England and America with brilliant success. This favor was*

*constantly shown in the second and third issues and especially in the fourth issue when the political situation of the belligerent powers was such as no one could tell whether they would go on fighting or come to peace and when the condition of the money market was anything but favorable to our floating a loan.*

*Lastly, he made a great effort and spared no cost or pain in carrying out the fifth issue of the loan last winter and subscribed a large part of it. The amount of our loan subscribed by Mr. Schiff from the first to the fifth issue arrives at a grand total of £39,250,000.*

*Thus I have described, though in a rough and short way, the merit of the services he has rendered to this country during the war. Now I have to thank him for these invaluable services. But here my words fail to express our heartfelt gratitude toward him, for this gratitude is not only mine, nor only of the Government, but that of the nation at large, and I have not language suitable enough to give utterance to the national feeling of thankfulness to a full extent.*

*The lords and gentlemen here present form a group of personages who, during the war, served the country in working the machine of war finance, some as the prominent members of the cabinet, some as the leaders*

*of the great party, some as representatives of the Empire, and others as leading members of the financial circle. So it is quite natural that they have all longed and longed for an opportunity to see and thank in person our friend who has been so serviceable to the country during the war. Now that opportunity has arrived and our friend is among us to talk and dine together at the same table to our full satisfaction. That satisfaction I can read in the face of every person at the table, and let me say, to do justice to the host it will amply make up the imperfect accommodation of this evening for which I should have to apologize.*

*It is my earnest wish that Mr. Schiff and his party will stay in this country as long as they can. But being the youngest country in the new civilization they will feel the lack of accommodation and comfort in making a trip all around this country, making observations and seeing the sights. Yet we will do our best to afford them any convenience in our power to make them as comfortable as we can so as to induce them to prolong their stay here as long as possible and give them ample time for their observations in every nook and corner and give us many opportunities to show our gratitude toward him.*



*Mr. Schiff, I hope you will carry back with you the impression of our heartfelt reception and sincere feeling toward you, and will leave behind you frank advices and suggestions of improvements of which we may avail ourselves to increase the national efficiency leading to the further coöperation and closer intimacy between the two friendly powers and also resulting in a speedy development in industrial and commercial relations in China and Corea.*

*Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen, before I sit down allow me to propose the toast for Mr. and Mrs. Schiff and their excellent party and ask you to join me by raising your glass and drinking their health.*

To this I reply in appropriate words and we soon thereafter find ourselves in the social rooms in pleasant conversation with the other guests, most of whom speak English or French. The hours pass quickly, and we return to the hotel all greatly impressed and pleased with the hospitality we have received.

*Thursday, March 29th.*—The day is gray, but our spirits are rosy, and at about eleven o'clock all except myself start for Ugeno Park. I with Mr. Kitashima have first to make some calls, especially to inscribe my

name at the palace of the Prince Imperial, of Prince Fushimi, and of Prince Ishamina, the latter the two aides-de-camp of the Emperor, whom I met at the Imperial luncheon the previous day. Having done this, I pay a visit to Baron Kaneko at his residence, have a short chat with him, and then drive to Ugeno Park to join the rest of the party at a restaurant there, where we take a good luncheon in occidental style. After luncheon we visit an interesting exhibition of paintings and the museum, both located in the park, and with Ernst I return to the hotel on foot, the rest of the party driving home. In the evening the Directors of the Bank of Japan entertain us at dinner at the Nobles' Club, about fifty guests, including possibly fifteen ladies, being present, some of whom, including the Prime Minister, Marquis Saionji, as well as most all the other ministers, the leading bankers and merchants, we had already met the previous evening at the dinner of the Minister of Finance. I am seated between Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Chinda, Mother between the Prime Minister, the Marquis Saionji, and the Viscount Tanaka, the Minister of the Imperial Household. Mr. Takahashi acts as host—Mr. Matsuo, the president of the Bank of Japan, having been

taken ill—and toward the close of the dinner makes the following address:

*Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

*I thank you on behalf of Governor Matsuo and myself for favoring us with your esteemed presence this evening. It is, indeed, a great pleasure to us to have the opportunity of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Schiff and their party in our own country and especially in this gathering of distinguished guests. Very unfortunately, and to my great regret no less than his, Mr. Matsuo is prevented from being present here on account of the bad cold from which he is suffering since last night, and he desires me to ask your pardon for not being able to receive you personally this evening.*

*Although some of you may have met Mr. Schiff for the first time this evening, his firm has been well known to you as the principal issuers of the Japanese loans in America. The war of 1904-5 was one of the most critical events in the annals of our country, and it scarcely needs recalling that the supply of funds was of extreme importance in carrying on the now happily ended conflict. The fact that no want was felt in respect of the sinews of this great war, and that it*

was brought to a successful conclusion without causing much disturbance in the economic and financial conditions of the country, was owing to the favorable response given to the successive issues abroad more than to any other single cause. This was especially the case in regard to the maintenance of specie payments, for which the Bank of Japan is most directly responsible. In fact, the gold reserve of the bank remained on a firm basis throughout the war, mainly because it was constantly replenished by the proceeds of external loans. Now, it was an exceedingly fortunate circumstance that these loans were issued from the outset in the United States as well as in England. The financial support given by the American people was a material expression of their warm sympathy toward our nation. We are happy, therefore, to express our gratitude to the American people upon the present occasion of Mr. Schiff's visit. But considering the fact that no Japanese loan had previously been issued in America, the remarkable success that attended each issue there during the past two years must be attributed, in addition to the sympathy of the American people, to the efforts of the influential firm of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and their associates who have such a large fol-

lowing among the American public. Our gratitude is, therefore, due to the firm of which Mr. Schiff is the senior partner. But in speaking of the factors conducting to the success of the loans, there is one more aspect which must be specially emphasized. I mean the prompt decision of Mr. Schiff, who happened to be in London when the negotiations for the first six per cent loan were going on, not only opened the way for having the loan issued in America, but the American participation at the very opportune moment enhanced the general popularity of Japanese securities and had beneficial effects upon all the successive issues. Moreover, Mr. Schiff rendered me valuable assistance in opening the German negotiations for Japanese loans. It was my good fortune to become thus acquainted with Mr. Schiff, and having always felt it a pleasant duty to deal with him, I warmly appreciate his personality as an important factor in bringing about the success of the loans.

Such being Mr. Schiff's relation with the finance of our country during the war, we are heartily glad now to welcome him together with Mrs. Schiff and their party. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Schiff, and ladies and gentlemen of the party, I wish to say to you par-

*ticularly that we shall always be ready to do whatever we can to make your stay both interesting and comfortable. As the intercourse between you and the important people of this country becomes more intimate, so, we hope, the economic relation between the United States and Japan will become closer in the future.*

*Your Excellencies, ladies and gentlemen, before sitting down, I ask you to join me in drinking the health of Mr. and Mrs. Schiff and their party.*

*March 29th. The Nobles' Club.*

In responding, I tell some appropriate anecdote, and then becoming serious I sound a note of advice against the danger of overburdening the country with new commitments, dwelling particularly upon the fact that Japan has no more valuable asset than the high credit it has again attained in the markets of the world and which should be scrupulously guarded. Again the evening passes most pleasantly, and we find ourselves at our hotel discussing the nice impressions we have received.

*Friday, March 30th, is a rainy day and we have to give up a water and fishing party which we expected to undertake for the day. Instead the ladies go shop-*

ping, Mother buying some fine Japanese lacquer work and curios. We take luncheon at the hotel; I attend to some correspondence, while Mother and the party go to a Japanese theater, and afterwards I go to a conference with the Finance Minister, who wishes to discuss the general financial situation. In the evening Carl Scheuer, of New York, and his son quietly dine with us and our party at the hotel, and, as it is still raining, we remain indoors for the balance of the evening.

*Saturday, March 31st.*—We leave the hotel at about ten o'clock to visit the agency of the Japanese Culture Pearls establishment, where "man helps nature" to produce the real deep-sea pearl. The establishment itself is somewhere on the inland sea, where, by a process of inserting the small seed pearl into the breeding shell and replanting the latter upon the sea banks for a period of about four years, pearls of various, but not very large, sizes are grown, which, except upon the side, where the pearl has been attached to the shell, are apparently equal in luster and other qualities to the finest India pearls. We buy several specimens at a moderate price. We then proceed to the Commercial Museum—something like the well-known German

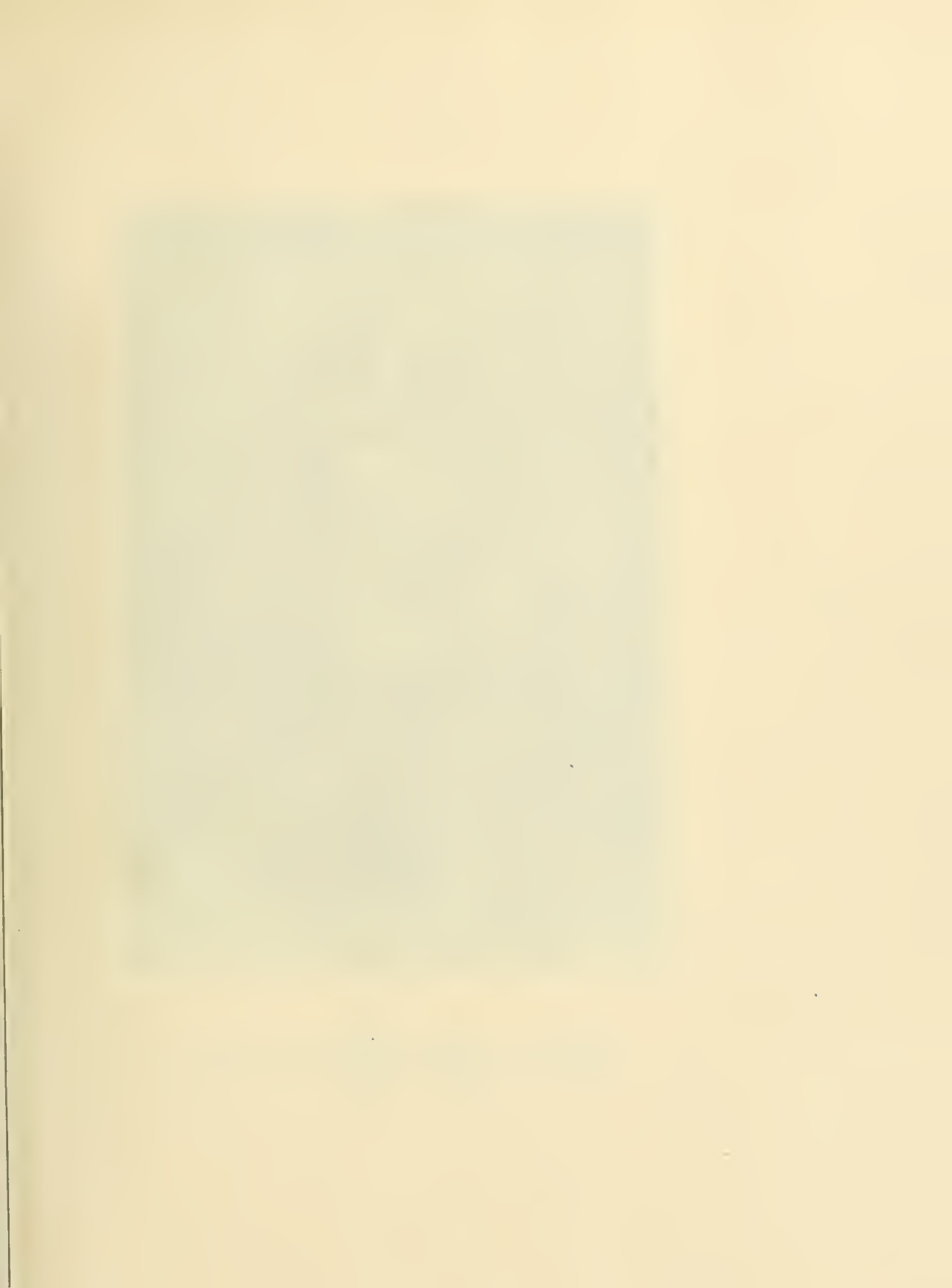
“Gewerbe-Ausstellung”—where the production of almost every Japanese industry can be found, with name of maker, description, and price, a very interesting and useful institution. Leaving there, we drive to Shiba Park, with its beautiful temple about three hundred years old, where a number of Shoguns are buried, one of the most decorative temples in Tokio, rich in lacquer and other decorative woodwork. The temple courts and the whole surroundings are likewise most attractive and interesting, and we depart much gratified; I, with Neustadt and Budge, returning to the hotel on foot, the weather being beautiful. In the afternoon we take a fine drive along the moat surrounding the Imperial palace and then to the Shokousha, the Shinto temple, to which the Emperor comes annually to pray for the fallen soldiers; a simple but impressive interior—no decorative art being employed or images being seen in Shinto temples. Near by is the Army and Navy Museum, containing interesting trophies of the Japanese-Chinese war and also of the Japanese-Russian War, as well as many impressive pictures of the war. We find the museum crowded, especially with young people. We return through a fine residential quarter, containing a number



of palaces surrounded by fine private parks of various royal Princes, and reach the hotel in the late afternoon. The evening is spent at the Maple Club, a Japanese club to which is attached the best Japanese teahouse restaurant in Tokio. We dine there in pure Japanese style, and while neat, giggling dancing girls wait upon us, very attentive to our wants, other girls, to the accompaniment of native music, present a number of pantomime native dances in a most skillful and interesting manner. The dinner, consisting of any number of small dishes, mostly raw and cooked fish, stewed bamboo, and other national dishes, is washed down with saki, the native beverage. All are much pleased with the enjoyable but entirely decent actions of the waiting and dancing girls, and it is late when we return to the hotel in high spirits.

*Sunday, April 1st.*—We leave the hotel at nine in the morning to drive to the academy of Professor Kano, the most celebrated teacher of inado, which is similar to, but has greatly succeeded, the well-known game of jiu jitsu. Here we stay almost one hour and a half, the professor explaining all the details and theories of the game by practical demonstration with some of his masters and pupils. Much interested, we

have to depart to reach Mr. Takahashi's residence in time for luncheon. Mr. Takahashi lives in pure Japanese style in a typical Japanese house, neither his wife nor his children speaking anything but their own language. He has invited some English-speaking friends, and we get on very nicely. He shows us all over his house, his fine art treasures, etc., and we sit down Japanese-wise on low cushions to partake of a Japanese meal, consisting entirely of strange little dishes—now already known to us—served by a little maid in front of each person, and we rise after about an hour, all rather stiff, but pleasantly entertained. Young Miss Takahashi, a really sweet maiden of fifteen, and her teacher give us some music on an instrument looking something like a large harp, and then the young lady plays the piano—all without notes, Japanese music being taught by the ear only. We depart at about three o'clock, Mother, Ernst, and I to pay two visits (one to the Marchioness Oyama, who had called on Mother), and return to the hotel toward six o'clock. Distances are enormous, and to make calls is a time-consuming undertaking. By appointment Mr. Takahashi comes to the hotel at six o'clock, and I have a longer conference with him on financial matters, while





Steinatz Oyama

Mother examines some old prints which a dealer has brought her. We stay home for the evening meal and retire after dinner to our rooms to attend to some correspondence, etc., and to get things in order for our departure for Miyanoshita, planned for

*Monday, April 2d.*—We attend Monday morning to some shopping and other matters, take an early luncheon, and leave in the early afternoon for Miyanoshita upon the special train placed at our disposal by the Government. It is composed of a comfortable first-class car, in which the seats are arranged lengthwise (like in our elevated roads), a second-class car for the servants and guides, and a baggage car, and travels through without stopping. I leave the train on a station near Yokohama, to which latter city I proceed by jinrikisha (half an hour) to attend in the evening a banquet given by the American-Asiatic Society to the Viscount Aoki, the new Ambassador to the United States, who is about to leave for his post, and to which banquet I have been invited as a guest of honor. Reaching Yokohama at about four o'clock, I repair to the Grand Hotel, call upon Mrs. Howard (the wife of the agent of the Pacific Mail) and later upon Mr. Howard at his office, and still later find myself at the

Oriental Hotel, where the banquet is being given. About forty members of the American-Asiatic Society are present, mostly American merchants of a fine type. Mr. Howard presides, the guests of honor being the Viscount Aoki, Mr. Wilson, our Chargé d'Affaires; Secretary of the Legation Laughlin, the Mayor of Yokohama, a fine Japanese gentleman—a Yale graduate; Consul-General Miller, Baron Kaneko, Mr. Denison, and myself. Again I am called upon to say a few words in response to the drinking to my health. I emphasize that I am particularly happy to be present upon this occasion, for, being a German by birth, I have the same blood in my veins as the Viscountess Aoki and her children—a proud American by choice and adoption, I feel gratified at having the opportunity to wish the new Ambassador Godspeed, and a Japanese “by investment,” I cannot but feel glad to be honored by the American-Asiatic Association upon my first visit to this land of a great past and a great future. I also speak of the many things we have in common with this old young nation, which, like the United States, preaches the “open door” abroad and practices protection at home—which, like ourselves, though under the sway of an enlightened, beloved chief,

enjoys a government by the people, of the people, for the people, and like ourselves is an advocate of the "square deal." My remarks are much applauded and after the banquet all present ask to be introduced to me. I return to the hotel late and ask to be called early, for I intend to leave at eight o'clock in the morning to join Mother and the party at Miyanoshita, from where I have meantime received a telegram from dear Mother advising me of her safe arrival and telling me how pleasant a mountain resort it appears to be.

*Tuesday, April 3d.*—I rise early to take the eight o'clock train from Yokohama, to which I find a private car attached for my personal use. This attention on the part of the railway is the more appreciated as in Japan everybody appears to be on the move, the railway trains being always overcrowded. After two hours' ride (accompanied by one of our guides) we reach Kozu, where an electric car is taken, which runs into the mountain region. It being a national holiday—the anniversary of the birth of the first Emperor some thousands of years ago—the villages along the trolley line (and these almost adjoin one another) are decorated in gay bunting, and are full of processions, mostly formed by the young men of the village who,

dressed in white attire, carry holy shrines upon their shoulders, and half intoxicated by possibly religious enthusiasm, but more probably by saki, swing to and fro in the narrow streets and make it impossible for the car to pass until they are pushed aside forcibly and with much difficulty by the elder populace, the latter being evidently fearful of a collision. This repeats itself in several villages, until we reach another larger village, where the young fellows in great number, carrying the shrine, absolutely refuse to move from the tracks. Three policemen appear, but can do nothing against the mob. The police captain draws his sword, but is promptly set upon by the crowd, terribly beaten, and taken away (bleeding all over) in a jinrikisha. The other two men are likewise badly handled, but in the excitement the car is enabled to move on. I stop on the way at police headquarters and leave thirty yen for the man who had so courageously tried to assist the movement of our car, but am later informed that the men, having only performed their duty, cannot accept any special compensation. This is characteristic of everything governmental in Japan; loyalty in the strict performance of each and every duty appears self-understood and no one expects even commenda-



tion for duty ever so well performed. After this incident, we soon reach the end of the electric line at Umoto, where jinrikishas await us to take us farther to Miyanoshita, a distance of about four miles, and at a height of 1,300 feet. I prefer, however, to go on foot, the mountain scenery being beautiful, and am met halfway up by Ernst Schiff, who has come to meet me on the road. We walk up briskly and reach the Hotel Fujiya after about one and a half hours' ascent, in time for luncheon, rejoiced to be again united with Mother and the others of our party. In the afternoon we begin exploring the beautiful mountain region, which equals the Tyrol in grandeur and perfect climate, the atmosphere being particularly dry and bracing. Mrs. Budge in a kind of Sedan chair, carried by four coolies, the others on foot—except Mother, who has preferred to remain home—we start out briskly up a mountain, then alongside it, on a bridle path, until we reach a neat teahouse about 500 feet farther up. Here we rest and take tea, and then a short cut home is found, rather steep, on which friend Budge changes with his wife and takes to the chair, rather nervous because of the somewhat wild descent. We reach the hotel again shortly after five o'clock, having marched

for two hours. Having thus had three and a half hours' good walking, I reward myself with a bath in the natural hot water for which this region is famous—the water coming from the spring at 180° is cooled for bathing purposes according to requirement. A short rest after the delicious bath brings the dinner hour near and we unite in a most cozy dining room and get a splendid dinner in occidental style, but waited upon by a bevy of dainty English-speaking Japanese girls, the proprietor himself being a Japanese. The hotel is kept in fine style, simple and clean, and makes the impression of a Swiss chalet, the guests all being Europeans and Americans. After dinner bridge is indulged in, in which I join, and we retire much pleased to have come to so beautiful a spot for a few days' recreation.

*Wednesday, April 4th.*—A glorious, bright, and bracing morning, a blue sky, and everybody in buoyant spirits. Big things are planned: a tour to the celebrated Lake Hakone, where we are promised a first view of Fujiyama, the clouded sky and misty atmosphere having thus far obscured its appearance. Our ladies, however, strike against the two and a half hours' distance, nor do Sedan chairs tempt them; even friend

Budge thinks yesterday's experience sufficient. So Neustadt, Ernst, and I, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, start out briskly at 9.30 o'clock. Mr. Gordon and Ernst before long take to horses, which they have brought along, Mrs. Gordon to a Sedan chair. Neustadt and I save the honor of the party and continue the ascent on foot. The road is good and we get on swimmingly. The mountain scenery is again grandiose, high rocky peaks looking down on narrow valleys. We get a first view of the lake, after a two hours' march, and another half an hour brings us to its shores. As we suddenly turn a corner on the shore, Fujiyama presents itself in all its grandeur, about twenty-five miles distant. The mountain is entirely covered with snow, and with the clear blue sky above, Lake Hakone at its feet, and surrounded by rocky peaks, the impression is imposing. We enter a pleasant Japanese inn, situated in front of the lake, and from its glass-inclosed piazza we get a fine view of the entire scenery. The guides have brought a tasty luncheon from our hotel, to which, with an appetite stimulated by the rare air and the good march, we do entire justice. The lake being somewhat rough, we do not take to boats, as we had contemplated, but rather walk a bit farther to the

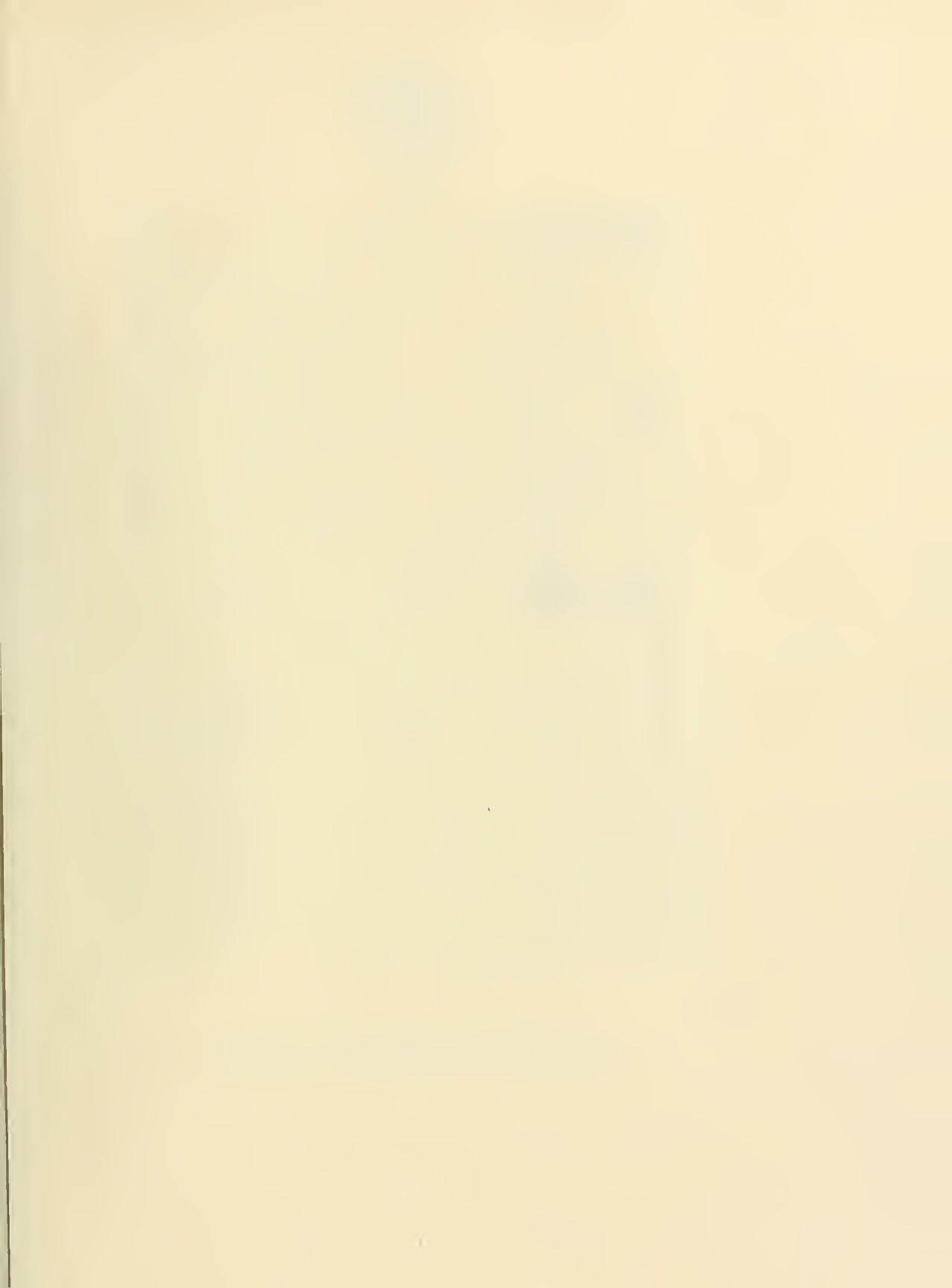


Imperial Villa, a nice structure, which is, however, closed, and we continue to the old village of Hakone, a picturesque-looking group of old Japanese houses. From here we turn back and return by the road we have come, taking in on the way an old Buddha carved into the rock, situated in a grove upon one of the mountainsides, and said to be over one thousand years old. Numerous small stone Buddhas surround the larger one, the road being the old highway between Tokio and the south, and these images having been placed there to be worshiped by the Daimios upon their travels. We reach the hotel at four o'clock, having been away six and a half hours, of which friend Neustadt and I were fully five hours on our feet. Neither of us feels the worse for this; indeed, I am as fresh as when we started. Before dinner I take another of the delicious hot baths, and as I write this, near midnight, I feel in fine form, not in the least fatigued by the day's exertion.

*Thursday, April 5th.*—To our deep regret, this is our day of parting from this enchanting spot, our engagements at Tokio compelling us to return thither. Immediately after breakfast Mother and I mount a hill behind the hotel from where we get a good view

of the upper part of Fujiyama, Mother being much enchanted with the first impression of the renowned mountain. Coming back to the hotel, some purchases Mother made, while I was away yesterday to Lake Hakone, subject to my final approval, are gone over and I make a bargain with the dealer. The unpleasant part in buying is that one is always taken in as far as price is concerned, for whatever offer one makes is accepted and is, therefore, probably too high. A deputy from the Governor of the province is announced, who has been sent personally to hand me a letter from the Governor expressing his deep regret at the occurrence on Tuesday, when my car was blocked by the young roughs and the police assaulted, the Governor assuring me that the demonstration was against the tramway company alone and in no way anti-foreign—which I already was aware of. Luncheon—or rather Tiffin, as they say here—having been taken, we leave charming Miyanoshita and its pleasant hotel with much regret, Mrs. Neustadt, Budge, and I on foot, the others by jinrikisha. After a good hour's walk we reach Umoto, where the special tramcar awaits us. This time we are placed under "Polizei-aufsicht," a high police official accompanying us to

Kozu, the railroad station, about an hour's distance, which we reach without any incident. The weather is beautiful, and as the atmosphere is very clear, we get repeatedly on the way fine views of Fujiyama. In Kozu our special train is ready for us and starts promptly for Tokio, where we arrive at about 4.30 o'clock, making the entire journey in three and three-quarters hours, instead of the five and a half hours it ordinarily takes. We have tea and a short rest at the hotel before we prepare to go to Baron Kaneko's house, where we are invited to dinner. The Baron lives in a neat but not large Japanese house, which he has arranged partly in occidental style, in some rooms chairs and carpets taking the place of cushions and matting. Baroness Kaneko, her two daughters—girls of probably seventeen and eighteen years—and her little boy of ten years, do not speak English, and it makes a somewhat odd impression to converse with the Baron in fluent English and to be unable to say a word to the members of his family. But somehow we get on very well, Mr. Sakai, Baron Kaneko's secretary, whom we had already met in New York, being present at the dinner and acting as interpreter. The dinner is in foreign style and very good. After dinner we join the







Baron for a short while in his cozy study, and soon depart to go to the ball given by the Marquis and Marchioness Nibashima in honor of Prince Fernando of Udine, who has recently arrived in charge of an Italian man-of-war. The Nibashimas belong to the high nobility; their palace is entirely occidental and might be situated in any European capital. We arrive somewhat late, dancing having already begun, but we are soon in the crowd and are taken charge of by a number of our Japanese friends, principally by the Sonodas, the Sagadas, and others, whom we have met before. Mr. Nagazaki, the Imperial Master of Ceremonies, recognizes me and asks to be presented to Mother, and thereupon presents us to the lady of the house, a fat, middle-aged Japanese, who, with Mr. Nagazaki, takes us to Prince Fernando, a fine-looking young man, who sits between two Imperial Princesses, to whom we are likewise presented, but who are rather condescending. The whole diplomatic corps being there, we soon discover Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, with whom we have a pleasant chat, and are presented to a lot of people, many of the Japanese nobility coming to ask to be presented to us; almost all of these speak good English. We also meet the Mayor of Tokio and

his wife, who is half English. Both seem to wish to be very amiable. Having had somewhat of a full day and the ladies being fatigued, we soon leave the interesting scene and return to the hotel.

*Friday, April 6th*, we decide upon for a rest. The ladies go on a shopping tour and take a drive into one of the parks, which are just beginning to put on their most beautiful cherry-blossom dress, the trees having sprung into bloom almost overnight. It is an incomparable impression to see the entire town covered with cherry blossoms, a delicate pink everywhere you look, a deep blue sky above, and all nature rejoicing in her enchanting spring dress. While the ladies have gone on their errands, I make a number of calls in the suburbs, and thus get likewise a fine drive under rows and rows of cherry trees covered with the beautiful blossom. We all take luncheon together at the hotel, and afterwards, following an invitation of the Red Cross officers, Mother, Budge, and I pay a visit to the Red Cross Hospital, the largest hospital in Japan. During the war it took charge of all the wounded that were brought to Tokio, sending, moreover, a staff of 3,500 nurses to the front. We are received at the portal of the hospital by Baron

Osawa, the Vice-President, his secretary, who is a Columbia graduate, and a number of officers and physicians; are first shown through the Administration Building and then through the rooms and wards, which latter are only one story high and most practically arranged. Then we are taken, accompanied by several military surgeons, to the adjoining hospital barracks, in which one thousand soldiers are still under treatment. Everything is admirably clean and the patients are evidently entirely contented. We return to the Administration Building and have tea with the officers, returning to the hotel in the late afternoon, to enjoy a quiet dinner and some reading before we retire.

*Saturday, April 7th.*—We receive an early call from Mr. Matsuo, the Governor of the Bank of Japan, who expresses his delight at the fine weather, which favors the garden party he and Mr. Takahashi have arranged for the afternoon. On my expressing my surprise and our gratification at the manifold courtesies offered us by the Bank of Japan in particular, he tells me we probably are hardly aware of the importance of the service my associates and I have rendered the bank and the country in having had the

courage, at so critical a period, to finance the first Japanese war loan. He explains that the gold reserve of the bank had at the time of the first loan been rapidly dwindling away, and that he and his directors saw before them the abyss of a forced paper currency. It was from this danger, which threatened the bank and the country in May, 1904, we had saved them, and hence their deep gratitude. Mr. Matsuo departing, I go to pay a visit to Count Matsukada, one of the Elder Statesmen, who has expressed a desire to meet me and with whom I spend an interesting half hour; he was Finance Minister a number of years ago and is the father of the Japanese gold standard; he is considered one of the most able and conservative financiers of the Empire. I had promised Mr. Wilson, our Chargé d'Affaires, to have a quiet talk with him, on general conditions, at the legation. I go there from Count Matsukada's. Mr. Wilson gives me some interesting inside history concerning Japanese politics, and, upon his invitation, I remain for luncheon *en famille* with himself and Mrs. Wilson, a genial young woman, married only two years. Returning to the hotel shortly after two o'clock, I find the entire party waiting for me to go to the garden



明治三十九年五月  
松尾臣善

To his friends  
Mr & Mrs Schiff  
Tokyo, May 1906  
Matsuo Shigeoyoshi

1875



1875

party, which the Bank of Japan has arranged in our honor, at the Arsenal Gardens. These gardens are most unique, such as you see sometimes in Japanese illustrations. It is an old park, formerly belonging to one of the Daimios and now the property of the Government. Received there by Mr. Matsuo, Mr. Takahashi, and the directors of the bank, we find a large company, probably from 300 to 400 persons, assembled, consisting mostly of the leading bankers and some of the dignitaries of the capital with their wives and daughters, among others Marshal Oyama, with his daughter, a sweet young lady, who speaks English fluently, though she has never been abroad. It is a wonderful and bewitching picture, this splendid park, with its old trees, lakes spanned by little bridges, with pagodas and shrines, and between it all this mass of people, the young girls in their bright colors, tripping about, giggling and smiling, the entire company moving from one amusement tent to the other, here fencers, there acrobats, magicians, and other forms of popular entertainment, leading up to a gayly decorated tent, profuse with bunting, American and Japanese flags, where high tea is served to the whole company. The hours pass quickly, and as we get ready

to leave, we are asked first to sit for a large photographic group, Marshal Oyama being placed between Mother and Mrs. Budge, and evidently enjoying the whole thing immensely. As we slowly wander toward the gate, accompanied by many of the guests, the military band starts "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," etc., everybody stands still, the men all uncover their heads, and we pass out, having had the most enjoyable day in Japan since we have come here. Mr. Wilson tells us in leaving that he has been present for the past nine years at almost every function, but that he has never had the like experience. We drive to the hotel feeling deeply touched at such hospitality, and after all we have enjoyed during the afternoon, we are pleased to pass the evening quietly among ourselves.

*Sunday, April 8th.*—A somewhat gray day, suitable for spending the morning hours at home to attend to some correspondence. An hour's walk at eleven o'clock with Ernst and Mr. Kitashima to the important Buddhist shrine "Honganji," which we had not yet seen, and then through what was formerly the European settlement back to luncheon at the hotel. At two o'clock we are expected at Mr. Okura's residence







*J. Oyama.*



—the merchant prince of Japan—who has invited us to see his museum and then to dine with him at his villa, on the river, about five miles from town. At Mr. Okura's residence we are received by himself, his married daughter, and his son-in-law, the latter two speaking English, Mrs. Okura not being present on account of indisposition. The Okura residence is the finest purely Japanese house we have seen yet. It is very large and elegant, surrounded by a beautiful garden, and, being built on a hill, it commands a splendid view of the town. Adjoining his residence Mr. Okura, who is said to be very public-spirited, has erected a commercial high school, a large building surrounded by cottages for teachers and students. Having been served with tea and sweets, as is the custom, Mr. Okura takes us into his wonderful museum, housed in a separate building connected with the residence, where we are shown a unique collection of Japanese and Chinese curios, possibly the largest and most varied collection of the kind in existence. Mr. Okura tells us he has been at it for thirty years and has secured his best things after the two or three revolutions, which have taken place within this period, when many rare things could be had, now no longer obtainable. We under-

stand that at the beginning of the late war Mr. Okura was willing to sell his collection for two million yen and to contribute the entire sum toward the expenses of the war, but could find no purchaser; it is no doubt worth more than two millions now. While we were in the Okura museum the house trembled with an earthquake of several seconds' duration; the ladies got somewhat nervous, but it passed without doing damage. Having been with Mr. Okura for two hours, we leave to meet him later at his villa. We drive to a landing stage on the river where, by appointment, we meet Mr. Matsuo and Mr. and Mrs. Takahashi, with their daughter, in a barge (with a tugboat), waiting for us; we get into it and have an interesting sail down the river, which is full of pleasure boats just returning from a regatta. We pass the celebrated cherry-blossom banks, and meeting the boats in which the Bank of Japan employees have just rowed their regatta, the men, discovering us, begin a new short return race for our benefit. We are cheered to the echo by the people, who line the shore and who bring an American flag, which they frantically wave, to greet us. After a while our boat is moored alongside Mr. Okura's villa, where we disembark and are received by the host and

a number of his friends, with some of whom we are already acquainted. After a short chat, we are asked to the dining room, but have first to remove our shoes, as this is a purely Japanese establishment; we are used to this already. About twenty are present and we seat ourselves on low cushions alongside the walls, one side of the room being partitioned off by a curtain. The first course is served, low red ceremonial lacquer stands in beautiful workmanship being placed before each guest; then the curtain is drawn aside, and to the accompaniment of somewhat weird music a short one-act play is performed. So it goes on, all during the dinner, which lasts about three and a half hours, music, dancing by neat girls, and performances of small pieces, all in most serious style. After a while the dancing girls join the guests, placing themselves in front of their seats, chatting gayly, and once in a while getting a nip at the saki and dishes. As the dinner nears its end, champagne is brought in, Mr. Okura rises to propose Mr. and Mrs. Schiff's health (in Japanese, which is translated by his son-in-law), and this gives me a welcome opportunity to rise likewise, ostensibly to reply, but in reality to stretch a bit, and the others, evidently profiting by my example,



immediately do the same. Mother has stood the ordeal of three and a half hours on a low cushion splendidly. With thanks to our kind host, and leave-taking from the guests, we depart after ten o'clock, to drive to town, which we reach near midnight, having had the pleasant experience of another phase of Japanese society life.

*Monday, April 9th.*—After a run of fine weather it rains to-day and we stay indoors during the morning until 11.30 o'clock, when we have to leave for Count Okuma's residence at Waseda, a suburb of Tokio, an hour's drive, where we are invited to luncheon. Count Okuma is the leader of the Liberal party, one of the Elder Statesmen, and, with the Marquis Ito and a few others, the arbiter of the destinies of his country. We are received by the Count and Countess in the European annex of their palais, which consists of a Japanese and an occidental structure, one adjoining the other. The latter is a palatial mansion, richly furnished. In the reception room into which we are ushered we find a choice company assembled, among others the Marchioness Nabishima, at whose ball we met Prince Fernando of Italy the other evening; Baron and Baroness Iwasaki, Baron and Baroness Shibusawa,

Mr. Matsuo, Mr. Takahashi, Mr. Soyeda, and a number of other acquaintances, as well as several professors of Waseda University, which is under Count Okuma's patronage, and has with its preparatory school an attendance of seven thousand. The luncheon itself is a refined and magnificent affair. The table is decorated with orchids and rich flowers from the Count's conservatories, the menus are little works of art, and the whole has the most aristocratic impress that we have yet experienced in Japan. The Count rises and in (as we are told afterwards) choicest language addresses his guests, explaining that Mr. Schiff's assistance in saving the life of the nation deserves his being honored by the entire nation, and proposes my own and Mother's health. Thereupon I rise to respond in a few appropriate words, which are translated by Mr. Fukai, the Count's toast having been interpreted by one of the professors. I am seated between the Countess Okuma and Baroness Iwasaki, the latter a sweet, English-speaking young matron. Mother is placed between the Count and Baron Iwasaki, a polished man of the world, who is a graduate of Pennsylvania University. After luncheon we repair to the Japanese part of the house, where the Count shows us some of his art

treasures, but especially his exquisite and poetical floral arrangements, the meaning of which he explains to us. As it is raining we cannot go into the gardens, but we get a good view from the terrace and find them to be the Japanese gardens of our dreams, full of dwarf and other native trees, waterfalls, and many fine scenic effects. We enter the large conservatories, which contain most exquisite flowers and plants, especially orchids, of which the Count presents some to Mother. We chat pleasantly for a while, and then leave, further impressed by Japanese hospitality, of which we have just enjoyed the most refined kind. We return to the hotel and because of the weather stay indoors, preparing for the holiday which begins this evening. Thoughtful friend Neustadt has brought "Matzoth" from San Francisco—we should hardly have been able to procure any in Tokio, as there appear to be no co-religionists here—and as the evening arrives we give the "Seder" in our apartments, probably the first time this has been done in the capital of the Mikado. Mother has prepared the festive table just like at home—nothing is missing for the ceremonies—and with the entire party around the table, we read the "Hagada." Mrs. Budge and Mrs. Neustadt, to whom



this is something new, are attentive listeners, Ernst reading the youngest child part ("Ma Nishtano"). Thus in a homelike way we celebrate the old festival in distant lands.

*Tuesday, April 10th.*—It still rains and we remain indoors during the forenoon, especially as we have to leave early for Baron Shibusawa's country house, an hour's drive, having an invitation there for luncheon at half past eleven o'clock, an afternoon entertainment to follow. We reach Baron Shibusawa's house toward noon and find a company of forty guests, mostly people we have met before at one or the other functions given in our honor. Though it is raining, we are shown by the Baron and Baroness over the extensive gardens, and the entire company then assembles in a pavilion, erected specially for the purpose of this function, most tastefully decorated, and heated and lighted by electricity. We sit down to a fine luncheon in foreign style, I being placed between the hostess (who speaks only Japanese) and Mrs. Neustadt, and Mother between the host and Mr. Neustadt. At the close of the luncheon the Baron rises and says, among other things (he is a man of about seventy-five years), that it is now fifty-three years since Japan's gates were opened

to foreign nations, and that at that time he was foremost among those who were opposed to opening the gates. But he had long ago found out that it was well that his counsel did not prevail, and that instead Japan had acquired the friendship and good will of foreign nations, especially of America and her people. He pays a tribute to me for what I have done for Japan and drinks to our health. I reply appropriately, saying how good a thing it is for my friends and me that we only meet the Baron now, instead of fifty-three years ago, when he would hardly have shown us such splendid hospitality as he does to-day. Luncheon coming to an end, we are taken to the Japanese part of the house, where we squat on the floor and become spectators of a very amusing variety show, geisha girls dancing and acting, musicians and some very clever jugglers performing. Finance Minister Sakatani sits by me on the floor and explains some of the performances, and at the same time we discuss serious financial affairs—a somewhat ludicrous situation. Time passes rapidly, and we take our leave at five o'clock, the entire company, as is the custom, accompanying us to the door. On our way to the hotel we pay a visit to Mrs. Wilson at the American Legation, and

we reach home at half past six o'clock, just in time to prepare for dinner, which we take quietly at the hotel. After dinner Mr. Takahashi makes his appearance to discuss some business matters, and remains until late, explaining to Mother a number of Japanese social and family customs, about which she seeks information from him.

*Wednesday, April 11th.*—This is the day we have set for our departure for Nikko, arrangements having been made for our special train to leave in the afternoon. Mother uses the morning hours to visit a curio dealer, who has been specially recommended by Baron Kaneko, while I go to inspect the Imperial University, where I am received and shown about by Professor Nurzuri, a graduate of Yale and Johns Hopkins. The university is an enormous complex of buildings in the style of our American university buildings and in extent probably larger than Harvard or Columbia. I am informed that the attendance embraces 3,500 undergraduates and 500 postgraduates. The apparatus of the university seems to be very complete and up to date, and I am shown a number of most interesting departments. A large medical school and hospital forms an annex to the university, which

is not endowed, but supported exclusively by the Government. Its budget amounts to about 1,200,000 yen a year, the average salaries of the professors being about 3,000 yen. I cannot see all there is, as it gets to be time to return to the hotel and prepare for our departure. After luncheon at the hotel we repair to the station, where we find our special train in readiness. This is a private railway, but it has readily acted upon the suggestion of the Government to supply a special train, which latter is exceptionally comfortable, and we reach Nikko toward seven o'clock in the evening. Here we find it rather cold, it being north and in the mountains, but the hotel appears to be cheery and well kept, and we look forward to the morrow with pleasant expectations. This is said to be a good place for curios, and we understand the makers have been busy night and day turning out a good supply—especially of rare *old* curios—in anticipation of our coming here.

*Thursday, April 12th.*—A bright day and bracing atmosphere, so right after breakfast the entire party start for the temples, Nikko being renowned for the finest Buddha shrines, erected by the famous Tokugawa family some 260 years ago; the well-known crest of

this family (three leaves) is found on the best old lacquer work of Japan. A beautiful avenue of cryptomeria trees leads to the temple court. The main temple is splendidly decorated, somewhat too much perhaps, but the carved woodwork and the collections of personal belongings of the first Shogun of the Tokugawa family are all very fine. The most impressive part, however, is the mausoleum, to which leads a flight of some 200 stone steps between a grove of immense cedars. The mausoleum is of bronze, of comparative simplicity. It took us almost two and a half hours to view the temple, its annexes, and the mausoleum, so we had just time to return to the hotel for luncheon. The ladies preferring to take it easy in the afternoon, Budge, Neustadt, and I conclude to walk to Kirifuri Cascade, about one and a half hours distant. The way leads through some fine mountain scenery, ending at the cascade, which in itself is not a great affair, but the view, overlooking several fine valleys, with a circle of high rough peaks surrounding them, is superb. Taking tea at a little teahouse situated there, we return on the same road we have come and reach the hotel after a full two and a half hours' walk in the late afternoon, none the worse for

our day's work, although we have been for five hours on our feet. Entering the dining room for the evening meal, we find Prince Fernando of Italy, who had arrived during the afternoon with his suite, but though we were presented to him last week at the ball of the Marchioness Nabishima, he does not appear to recognize us and we make no advances. After dinner I join the other gentlemen in a game of bridge, and though I am still an inexperienced player, I generally manage to help out to entire satisfaction.

*Friday, April 13th.*—A clear but somewhat windy day, suitable for a short excursion. Accordingly, after breakfast our entire party starts out for Noami Waterfalls. The road is easy, ascending steadily through a picturesque valley encircled by mountains. After an hour's march the ladies, getting somewhat fatigued in consequence of the wind, decide to return with one of the guides, the men continuing to the foot of the falls, which are reached about a mile farther on, a walk of one and a quarter hours from Nikko. Budge and Neustadt rest at the teahouse (Ernst has taken another road to some copper-refining works), while I continue through a picturesque gorge to the main falls about ten minutes farther upon a somewhat steep bridle path.

After rejoining my comrades at the teahouse, we start upon the return, reaching the hotel toward one o'clock, where we find the ladies somewhat tired, but none the worse for the fine forenoon outing. After such "tremendous" exercise, it is decided that all deserve a restful afternoon. In consequence, we stay indoors and later take a stroll through the village to the Industrial Exhibition Building, which is unimportant, and we visit some of the many curio shops, returning to the hotel for tea, and remain home to chat and read after dinner.

*Saturday, April 14th.*—Another fine day, which it is decided shall be devoted to the remaining temples. The entire party starts out toward ten o'clock and we soon find ourselves upon the picturesque hill, where the temples are built adjacent to each other. This time we visit the temple of the third Shogun, with the mausoleum, which resembles that of the first Shogun, his grandfather, except that it is still simpler. Nor is the temple quite as richly decorated, it being said that the grandson did not wish to overshadow his grandfather. We return through charming Nikko Park—a unique piece of landscape in pure Japanese style, with a most attractive view upon the mountains—and reach the

hotel in time for luncheon, having been absent for almost three hours. In the afternoon the ladies again go into the village and the shops, while Budge, Neustadt, Ernst, and I take a walk to the Vermilli Cascade, near which is located the old Takinoo temple, a Shinto shrine. The road constantly rising forms an avenue between tall cryptomeria trees until the cascade is reached, a most romantic spot, where the simple temple is guarded by an old priest and his young granddaughter, the guardian receiving, as he tells us, the magnificent pay of 3.70 yen a month. It is hard to understand how people, all over Japan, can subsist upon the insignificant pay they receive. We return by a different road, and arriving at the hotel after an absence of about one and a half hours, we find the ladies upon the terrace taking tea and enjoying the magnificent sunset, which produces a unique picture. The narrow valley below, with the rapids formed by the river, which forces its way through the valley; the little town somewhat in the distance with the snow-covered mountains overshadowing it; the huge cryptomerias with their dark green foliage, all these present a picture most beautiful, impressive, and not soon to be forgotten. But the sun has disappeared, and it is well



to go indoors. We again pass the evening in conversation with some of the guests whom we have met before, a game of bridge, and the hour for retiring has arrived.

*Sunday, April 15th.*—Again the weather is glorious, and we decide to undertake the somewhat arduous but famed tour to Lake Chuzenji, situated about eight miles from Nikko at an altitude of 4,300 feet (2,300 feet higher than Nikko). We start shortly after nine o'clock, Mr. Gordon, Ernst, and I on foot (Mr. Neustadt also starts with us, but he gives out after about four miles and returns), Mother, Mrs. Budge, and Mrs. Gordon in jinrikishas to Umagaeshi, where a short halt is made, the ladies changing here to sedan chairs, carried by four coolies each, as the ascent from here is somewhat steep. The gentlemen continue on foot, and we all reach the lake toward one o'clock in fine condition, ready for luncheon, which we find at a nice inn, very fairly kept, in foreign style, for such an out-of-the-way place. The views from the road up the mountain are most picturesque. The lake itself is a fine sheet of water, about eight miles in circumference, surrounded by dense woods, forming very romantic scenery. Having rested for one and a half hours, we start upon the return at half past two o'clock,

Mrs. Budge joining the pedestrians. We view the cascade of Kagon-no-Taki near the summit, which empties into a dark rocky pool 250 feet below. Keeping steadily upon our way, and taking advantage of a number of cut-offs, we reach the hotel at 6.30 o'clock, having covered a total of fifteen miles and been six and a half hours on our feet. The ladies are likewise none the worse for their long jinrikisha and chair ride, and we all feel in fine spirits because of the beautiful outing we have enjoyed. This being the eve of the last day of "Pesach," prayers are said in our rooms and the evening spent in pleasant conversation and reading.

*Monday, April 16th.*—It rains hard and we are compelled to remain indoors, except that some little time is spent in the shops, some of which display the finest things we have yet seen in Japan. Aside from reading, bridge playing, and planning, nothing can be done, as the rain continues throughout the day.

*Tuesday, April 17th.*—This must be our last day in these beautiful and impressive surroundings, which have given us so exceptional an impression of Japanese scenery, of Buddha temples, and of the customs and costumes of the people. To-day is a special festival;

the populace of the village and the surrounding country appear in their gala dress, the children, particularly the girls, in bright colors, the roads and streets being filled with people. At ten o'clock a procession, carrying a shrine, appears, and we follow it to the temple hill. The music accompanying the procession resembles somewhat the Scotch drum and fife, and upon its appearance before the main temple, a number of Buddhist priests come out of it, the high priest in scarlet, his assistants in white, and march around the open space, shortly entering an enclosure, where we are told the priests will remain until all the shrines, twelve in number, will have appeared and then the festivities will take place. Unfortunately we cannot await this, and must return to the hotel to prepare for our departure soon after midday. We all agree that we have never seen a more orderly crowd. Drunkards and beggars appear to be unknown in Japan; the respect for the aged is most touching; the children of the street, who appear to be without number, are always modest, always shy, and it is a pleasing spectacle to see the elder children carefully guarding and leading the younger ones. We leave pleasant Nikko after luncheon, the entire party — except myself — taking

jinrikishas for a distance of five miles, while I go on foot, to enjoy the beautiful avenue of cryptomerias, said to extend in all for fifteen miles. Then we enter the train which awaits us, and soon we are en route to Tokio, being met about halfway by the superintendent of the railroad, who accompanies us to Tokio, where we arrive at half past seven o'clock just in time for dinner. Later in the evening Mr. Takahashi pays us a visit, and remains till late discussing various subjects, principally the plan to send his young daughter with us to America, so that she may obtain a foreign education.

*Wednesday, April 18th.*—Tokio hails our return with bright sunshine, most welcome after two days of rain. Little can be done in the forenoon, and as Mother wants to attend to some correspondence, I look at some shops with Mrs. Budge and take a short walk before I call for Mother and the rest of the party to drive to Baron Iwasaki's villa, where we have been invited to luncheon. The Iwasakis are at the head of the shipping industry of Japan, of which they have been the founders, and with the Mitsuis and Shibusawas form the money aristocracy of Japan, and they are said to be socially the most exclusive. The



伯爵井上馨

Count Kaomijouye



villa, where the luncheon is given, is one of a number owned and occupied at divers seasons by Baron Iwasaki, who is a comparatively young man, a graduate of Pennsylvania University, and a perfect man of the world. The Baroness is an attractive Japanese lady, who speaks some English and makes a charming hostess. We meet there Mr. Kato and his wife—the latter being a sister of Baron Iwasaki. Mr. Kato was formerly Ambassador to England, and lately Minister of Foreign Affairs, having resigned about a month ago because of his strong opposition to the Railway Nationalization Bill, a Government measure. I am seated between the hostess and Mrs. Kato, Mother between the host and Mr. Kato, and we much enjoy conversation with these well-informed people. After luncheon we are shown through the conservatory and its annex, the latter containing a choice collection of rare Chinese porcelain. A promenade is then made through the extensive park, which is laid out most tastefully and attractively, and includes a large lake, spanned by artistically built bridges, and we finally find ourselves in the Japanese annex, where tea and refreshments are served, and a short rest is enjoyed, after which we take leave, as we must return to the

hotel to prepare for the banquet which the Mayor and aldermen of the city have tendered us. Mother takes a short rest, and shortly after six o'clock we proceed to the Maple Club and are received by the Mayor and the aldermen, as well as the Governor of the province, a number of ladies—none of whom, however, speak English—being also present. A Japanese dinner in best style is then served, with the requisite geisha girls in attendance, and during the dinner an interesting performance by a mimic and dancing take place; but we have seen by this time rather too much entertaining in purely Japanese style, and we are therefore somewhat pleased with the prospect that this will likely be the last dinner "on the floor," with food not entirely adapted to our stomach and taste. We return home at ten o'clock.

*Thursday, April 19th.*—Again the day is bright. Mother wishes to visit Mrs. Katseda's (a friend of Mrs. Imanishi) girl school, some distance from the city, Ernst accompanying her, and as I have some shopping and visiting to do, we arrange to meet at 12.30 o'clock at Mr. and Mrs. Sonoda's house, where we are invited to luncheon. Mr. Sonoda, formerly President of the Specie Bank, now the President of



the Nobles' Bank, is one of the best-known financiers in Japan and apparently very popular. He has lived for a number of years with his family in London, where he was consul-general. During the late war he set an example, taking his gold and silverware to be melted down for the purpose of the war fund, which example others to a considerable extent followed. Mrs. Sonoda, who like her husband speaks English fluently, is a very charming woman. She frequently has helped us out as interpreter with the other ladies when we met her at social gatherings. It is a family luncheon we have with them to-day, only one other couple and Mr. Fukai being present besides our party. The affair is very sociable, and after luncheon we repair to the garden, where we are photographed (by a professional) as a group. Then we are shown over the grounds, and finally young Sonoda and some friends have a game of jitsuyu for our entertainment. It is the football game of young Japan, but much gentler and apparently more athletic than ours. We return to the hotel toward five o'clock, where, to our great gratification, we find a large American mail awaiting us, which we can hardly finish reading before we have to dress for dinner, to which

we are invited by the Mitsui family at their club, which the twelve branches of this powerful family have founded for their own exclusive use and where they give their entertainments. To-night the invitation is from Baron and Baroness H. Mitsui, the head of the house, which had its origin some three hundred years ago. At the dinner about thirty are present, Mother being placed between Baron Mitsui and Baron Kaneko, I between the Baroness and Mrs. Sonoda. The former does not speak English, and again Mrs. Sonoda acts as interpreter for me in the conversation. The dinner is in exquisite foreign style, and at its conclusion Baron Mitsui says a few words, drinking Mother's and my health, as well as that of our friends, to which I reply appropriately. After dinner we are ushered into the entertainment hall, where two artists—one being Kiokuko Kawabata, said to be one of the most renowned artists in Japan—are at work painting panels to demonstrate this kind of art for our entertainment. The guests suggest the subjects—Mother asking for a cherry-blossom branch, which is rapidly and exquisitely produced by Mr. Kiokusku, who also paints at my suggestion some birds—a hen helping a little chick to break through its

eggshell under a rising sun. We are promised that the two panels will be sent us when mounted. It is really wonderful what these Japanese do to entertain their guests. We have now again received a new demonstration of this. However, Mr. Wilson, the American Chargé d'Affaires, said to me at the Mitsui dinner to-night that many people might be for years in Japan without getting such opportunities as we had enjoyed in less than the month of our presence in the country.

*Friday, April 20th.*—This is the day of the Imperial cherry-blossom party, and it is therefore doubly gratifying that sunshine again greets us. The forenoon hours are occupied by various minor matters. We leave the hotel shortly before noon to take luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson at the American Legation, where we find a number of American naval and military officers, Admiral Train and General Brooke, with their ladies, among the number. A pleasant hour and a half is spent at the luncheon table, and all leave toward two o'clock for the detached Palace Park, where the Imperial cherry-blossom party is to be held. The streets are lined by a considerable multitude, who watch the passing carriages and jinrikishas, and before long we reach the Palace Park gate, where



we alight. A considerable number of people are already in the park, mostly foreigners, the Japanese ladies being conspicuously absent. We are told the reason for this is the fact that ladies have either to wear the old-fashioned court dress and coiffure, which are unbecoming, or European toilettes, which only few possess. However, there are a good number of Japanese gentlemen and *some* Japanese ladies in European toilettes, which to many are unbecoming. We meet many acquaintances, both foreign and Japanese. The park looks perfect, the cherry blossoms are beautiful, and everybody is in good spirits. Before long the procession appears, headed by some courtiers, then the Emperor in uniform, followed by the Empress (a very small lady, rather old in appearance), the Crown Prince, Crown Princess, Princes, and Princesses of the suite, the diplomatic corps, with their ladies, closing the procession. Mr. Nagasaki, the Imperial Master of Ceremonies, discovering Mother, offers her his arm, and with him she follows the procession, which terminates at an open space in the park, where tables are arranged for the entertainment of the guests, who number probably over five thousand and who quickly occupy the tables. Meantime the Empress and her

suite have entered an open pavilion, the Emperor remaining at its entrance, and the presentation of the diplomatic corps, with their ladies and a few distinguished guests, to the Empress proceeds. Some American ladies being presented by the Chargé d'Affaires and his wife, Mother expresses her surprise that she is not among the number. I then learn from the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Wilson, that he had been under the impression our Japanese friends had arranged for Mother's presentation and had therefore not applied for her, it being now too late to do this. Mother had meanwhile taken a seat at one of the tables with the rest of our party, Mr. Takahashi and other Japanese friends joining the party. To the latter I mention what has happened, whereupon Mr. Takahashi disappears and soon returns with Mr. Nagasaki, with the Viscount Inaba and the latter's daughter, who is one of the ladies of honor of the Empress, her father being the special master of ceremony of the occasion. They all express their regret at the misunderstanding, of which, they said, they had just informed the Empress, who had asked particularly that Mother be presented to her upon her return from the tea tent, to which the Empress had gone upon the conclusion of the regular

reception. Meantime refreshments are being served, and Mother and I are presented by Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs Chinda to Admiral Togo, a small, rather shy man. I am also introduced to many leading men, to Marshal Yamagata, General Count Katsura, and others, some of whom speak German fluently. After a little while the guests all rise and form queue, the Imperial party again appearing in procession. Mr. Nagasaki comes and asks that Mother and I stand in the front; the Empress appears and advances toward Mother, who is then presented to her by Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Nagasaki presenting me; and after a short conversation the procession moves on. Mother blushes as everybody comes to congratulate her—such a thing being unprecedented—that the Empress has stopped the procession to have a lady specially presented to her, and we learn afterwards it has been the talk for a day in diplomatic circles. We soon are on our way home, as we have to attend a dinner at Mr. Soyeda's, president of the Industrial Bank. We reach there shortly after seven o'clock, and find a most cozy Japanese house, the guests being few, Mr. Soyeda having informed us in advance that he wanted us all to himself and his family. There are present, however, two

ladies, graduates of Bryn Mawr, both most intelligent and sympathetic. The younger, a Miss Kawai, graduated only two years ago, and we learn that she has been a classmate of our friends, the Goldman girls. The elder is the principal of a young ladies' school, and the younger has become one of her teachers. Mr. and Mrs. Soyeda, with a young daughter, are most pleasant, and they have converted their Japanese dining room into European style for our reception. We are served with an excellent dinner, after which we go into the upper rooms, where, however, we have to sit Japanese fashion. As no Japanese luncheon or dinner party appears to be complete without an entertainment, we soon listen to some Japanese music, after which we are treated to the tea ceremonial, which is a special honor in a Japanese home. The evening ends with some free-hand painting of panels by a young lady artist. As we enter our carriages, a little package is handed to each guest, and upon opening these packages upon our return home, we find each to contain an exquisite silk embroidery. Moreover, the following morning the panels which have been painted for our entertainment, and which are quite dainty, are sent to us by Mr. Soyeda, a most genial host indeed. Unfor-

tunately this pleasant day ends with news from San Francisco that the city has become destroyed by an earthquake, rumors of which sad tidings had already been current for twenty-four hours, without it being possible to get anything definite. What is man, with all his ambitions and aspirations! One single minute upsets all!

*Saturday, April 21st.*—The sun shines bright, and nature smiles, as if in far-away San Francisco hundreds of thousands had not been made homeless and probably lost their all!

Shortly after breakfast Mr. Takahashi makes his appearance to say good-by, as we leave Tokio in the evening for Kyoto and other places, to be away three weeks. Later Mother, by prearrangement, calls upon Mrs. Takahashi, to discuss with her and an English-speaking lady friend some details about young Miss Takahashi, whom we are to take with us to our own American home, to give her an American education. Wakiko Takahashi is just fifteen years old, a pretty little girl, who knows no English, but is anxious to have a foreign education, and upon her urgent desire her parents have, somewhat reluctantly, consented to let us take her to New York for two years. I call





for Mother at Takahashi's to take her to Count Matsukada's villa for luncheon, the rest of the party having gone there direct from the hotel. We reach the Matsukada villa at 12.30 o'clock, are received by the Count and Countess, patriarchal-looking people, and find a company consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Togo, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and Mrs. Kato, Baron and Baroness Iwasaki, and two sons of Count Matsukada, with their wives, one of whom speaks German fluently, having been in Germany ten years for his education. We learn the Countess has ten sons and four daughters, the former all having enjoyed a foreign education, and most of them being now either in industrial pursuits or in the service of the state. Mother is placed between the Count and Mr. Kato, I between the Countess and Mrs. Kato, and we enjoy a splendid luncheon in occidental style amidst genial surroundings. After luncheon I have a lengthy conversation with Count Matsukada upon the financial and economic conditions prevailing in Japan, the Count being considered the leading economist of the country, and I learn much from him that is instructive and interesting. Admiral Togo at first joins our group and listens, but apparently

the subject is too dry for him, and soon he leaves us to ourselves. When later we rejoin him and the others, I remark to the Admiral that I have apparently succeeded in doing what the Russians had never been able to do—to drive him away. He is much amused and laughs heartily. The afternoon hours pass quickly, and we reluctantly part from our hospitable host and hostess and their guests. We drive to the Imperial Palace to inscribe our names, as is customary after the cherry-blossom party, and then return to the hotel to prepare for our departure for Kyoto after dinner. Leaving for the station after ten o'clock, we find our special train awaiting us, consisting of two comfortable sleeping cars and a baggage car. Soon we are en route and all enjoy a good night's rest on the cars.

*Sunday, April 22d.*—The day is somewhat gray and it is raining slightly. A dining car has been attached to the train in the early morning, and gradually the party assembles in it to get breakfast. The country we are traversing is picturesque, the green wheat fields and the many dark-green tea bushes being set off by many linseed fields in bright yellow. The mountains in the background, here and there a river, a glimpse

at Lake Biwa, and soon we reach Kyoto, the old city of the Mikados. We are driven to the Myako Hotel, beautifully situated upon an eminence, commanding a picturesque view of the surrounding country. We get comfortable rooms in a new annex of the hotel, built in imitation of the Japanese style of houses, but with occidental comfort. Soon we are settled, and the prospect that we are to have several weeks of old Japan undisturbed by social engagements—of which we had so many during the past weeks—gladdens us all. However, it soon begins to rain, which prevents us from doing anything during the afternoon except shopping, to which the ladies resolutely set themselves, the men accompanying them. We visit the Nishimura silk establishment, the most important in Japan, and Mother makes some selections. Meantime I go to the Yamanaka salesrooms—these are the people who have a branch in New York—which are well worth a visit, being with their contents a museum of Japanese art of every kind. Shortly we all meet again at the hotel, which is overcrowded with American, English, and German travelers. Nothing can be done in the evening, and it is passed in conversation, reading, and letter writing.

*Monday, April 23d.*—Kyoto does not treat us well; another wet day and consequent indoor life. Mother wishes to remain home in the forenoon, but I go to look at some of the silk purchases she made yesterday, to bargain for them, which always falls to my lot, as Mother is wanting in courage to secure the discount, from twenty to fifty per cent, which one can generally get. I also go again to Yamanaka's, and am tempted to make some investments. After luncheon the entire party, except myself, as I need to do some letter writing, go to visit the castle. Mother, returning after two hours, explains that the castle is a vast wooden structure, built some 300 years ago for the use of the Shoguns, who did homage in this old capital to the Emperor. The decorations, especially the ceilings, are very fine, but one misses the furniture, of which all Japanese dwellings are bare. In the late afternoon we all go to the cherry-blossom dance, a kind of ballet given in one of the theaters during the month of April, the cherry-blossom season. We enter and are first shown into an anteroom, where ceremonial tea is prepared and served. This tea ceremony is quite odd, as I have already noted. The female specialist who makes the tea, each cup being separately pre-

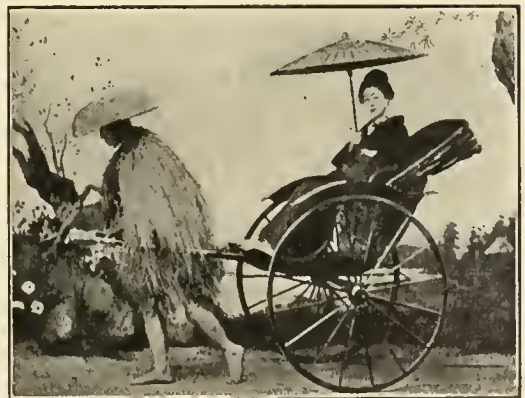
pared, handles the whole affair with tremendous seriousness and ceremony, but the brew is so strong and bitter that to the foreign taste it is rather unpalatable. This over, we enter the theater proper, where a considerable multitude is already assembled. Instead of benches, the auditorium is partitioned off lengthwise by boards, along which the people sit on their haunches in the usual Japanese manner; there are, however, a few benches placed upon a balcony for foreign visitors, and here we take our seats. The dance soon begins, or rather a pantomime, for actual dancing appears to be unknown in Japan; it is rather a slow, graceful movement, to the accompaniment of somewhat weird music. However, this so-called cherry-blossom dance is one of, if not the best thing in the dancing line we have yet seen; it is very tastefully staged, and about fifty girls, who dance, make an attractive appearance. The performance lasts about an hour, and this over we return to the hotel, somewhat late for dinner. I might here add that both men and women of this section are finer in appearance than their compatriots of Tokio and Yokohama or farther north. The men here are bigger; the women have fine, regular features and are generally pretty, which is rather the exception in

the northern section. Dinner over, Budge, Neustadt, Ernst, and I indulge in a game of bridge, the ladies conversing until bedtime.

*Tuesday, April 24th.*—The sun has reappeared, which pleases us the more as we have to go to Osaka to-day—one and a half hours' distance by rail—to attend a luncheon to be given in our honor by the manager of the branch of the Bank of Japan, at which we are to meet the business men of Osaka and Kobe. Osaka is the most important manufacturing center in Japan; it has 1,500,000 inhabitants, and is called the Manchester of the East. Kobe, about forty-five minutes distant by rail from Osaka, is the second largest port of the country. The ladies have decided not to accompany us, but rather to stay in Kyoto, see more sights, and do some more shopping. Consequently, we men are off shortly after ten o'clock, and reach Osaka at noon, where we are taken to the Osaka Hotel, a fine structure, picturesquely situated on the river. The town makes a very solid impression; it has many fine public buildings and looks very prosperous. A reception is given us at the hotel, and we are introduced to some forty men, the Mayor, the principal bankers and business men, most of whom speak English and make

an intelligent and favorable impression. Luncheon is soon served in a large hall, but it is more of a banquet than a luncheon. Mr. Inouyé, manager of the Bank of Japan, proposes our health, to which I reply, and Mr. Oaki, manager of the Specie Bank, drinks to the absent ladies, friend Budge responding on their behalf. We get away again at about 3.30 o'clock, and are back in Kyoto soon after five o'clock. The ladies tell us they have been to some very unique temples, and have inspected some of the large silk and porcelain factories during our absence. The evening again passes in the usual quiet manner.

*Wednesday, April 25th.*—What a glorious blue sky; it would indeed be a pity not to spend the day outside of the city gates. We decide upon an excursion to the rapids of the Hozugawa, start at ten o'clock by rail for Kameoka, an hour's distance. The railroad is literally hewn into the rock, the valley being exceedingly narrow, with the river below. Eight tunnels have to be passed upon this short distance of thirteen miles, and emerging from tunnel after tunnel, new picturesque views present themselves. At Kameoka station jinrikishas take us to the river, a short distance, and here we get into two comfortable flatboats for the



descent of the river, through the many rapids. This is by no means a very exciting affair, but the hour-and-a-half boat ride, between and over the rocks in the river, the mountains on both sides coming almost straight down to the river's edge, is a most interesting and somewhat romantic experience. Upon finishing the boat ride, we land at a teahouse, where a tasty luncheon, brought by the guides from the hotel, is taken, the entire party being in fine spirits. After luncheon Mother, Mr. Budge, and I set out for a walk, and finding ourselves upon the sunny side of the river, we seek a means to get transferred to the other bank, which we can, however, not find available. The guide discovering a private pleasure boat occupied by a Japanese gentleman with his wife and daughter, mentions to them our desire, whereupon the man, upon learning from the guide who we are, immediately offers to place himself at our disposal, and inviting us to his boat, takes us a little distance up the river and lands us upon the shady side, from where we enjoy a fine walk back to the village, crossing a bridge located at that point to rejoin our party. We repair to the railway station, for a ten minutes' ride to a point to which we had ordered our jinrikishas, in which we return



through a beautiful country in radiant spring dress, to Kyoto, about one and one half hours' distance. On the way we pass through an old, very interesting-looking Buddhist monastery and then stop at the pavilion built by one of the Shoguns, who was the originator of the tea ceremony, several hundred years ago. The pavilion is in reality a complex of buildings containing some interesting objects and is situated in a fine park, with some charming landscape gardening. After continuing our ride, we find ourselves before long at the hotel again, in good time for dinner, after which the evening hours are passed in the usual way.

*Thursday, April 26th.*—It seems that in Japan a rainy day invariably follows two or three fine days. The morning is gray with a sprinkling of rain and we have nothing particular to plan. Mother and I visit some shops and later the Art Museum, not a very great affair, but we pass through some charming nooks of old Kyoto and return to the hotel for luncheon. In the afternoon, as the others of the party prefer to remain at home, Mother, Ernst, and I decide to visit the palace, for which we have brought permits from Tokio, the Japanese taking these things very seriously, and it takes a lot of red tape before one can get into

any governmental building. The palace is situated within a fine park, but the buildings themselves are only partly interesting. The old palace, which was the residence of the Mikados for several hundred years (until in 1868 the capital was transferred to Tokio), burned down some twenty years ago; the present palace is said to be a reproduction of the old one. It is in pure Japanese style and compares in no way with the beautiful palace in Tokio, the more modern residence of the Emperor. The rain now coming down heavily, we are compelled to return home and to remain indoors the rest of the afternoon and evening.

*Friday, April 27th.*—Kyoto is not treating us entirely right, for it is raining again and we must once more remain at the hotel. After luncheon, however, Mother and I conclude to venture out, and the others, taking courage from us, follow suit. We take jinrikishas to the Imperial Museum, and are there met by the director and his assistant, who, having learned of our coming, offer to accompany us through the museum and to explain its contents. It is really touching how attentive everybody is, wherever we go. The Museum is quite a creditable institution, being well filled with old Japanese paintings, prints, curios, and

many articles showing the ancient art and development of the civilization of the Japanese people. We spend about an hour and a half at the Museum, and before we return to the hotel we disperse to do various kinds of shopping, the curio dealers being always the great attraction. What a lot of truck we are all accumulating! The evening hours are approaching before long, and dinner again unites us at the hotel, with the usual pastime until bed hour.

*Saturday, April 28th.*—The sun is trying hard to get through, and this last day of our stay at Kyoto promises to be at least not too unfavorable. Mother and I go off about ten o'clock by ourselves to see some of the public schools, of which we have heard much, education being compulsory in Japan, and, as in the United States, entirely free; the truant system is said to be quite rigid. We visit first a primary school, where we are shown around by one of the head masters. The children range in age from five to about twelve years, and the system does not appear to be very different from that in our own schools, boys and girls being separated. In the lowest grade there is just a recess, the children playing around. They are rather shy upon our approach, but after I have succeeded

in making friends with one little boy they all come around and pat my hand and try to make friends in the most comical manner. Leaving the primary school we repair to a girls' high school not far distant, where the president receives us and takes us around. The school is a large one, having some thirty-five classrooms, the girls ranging in age from about fourteen to eighteen years, a most intelligent-looking class of young women. We are especially interested in the cooking department, where both Japanese and foreign styles of cooking are taught; in the music class, where singing is taught to the accompaniment of the piano and where the girls sing the national anthem for us; in the gymnastics department, where calisthenics are going on in a most approved manner. We also visit the sewing class and many other of the various departments and are struck by the earnest and thorough manner in which everything is being conducted. The modesty, tact, and politeness of the girls are remarkable, but only bear out the impressions we have already received everywhere of a genial, modest, and well-mannered people; this is true of even the common folk. Leaving the school we visit the largest Buddha temple in Kyoto, where we have an opportunity to



be present at service, and then we return to the hotel for luncheon. In the afternoon I go to take a walk in the park, where another gorgeous temple invites inspection, while Mother and Ernst go to a fencing school, which they report to have found most interesting. The time having arrived for our departure for Kobé, where we are to take the steamer for the Inland Sea, we repair to the railway station, where again we find a special train awaiting us, which takes us promptly to our destination, a ride of some two hours. At the Kobé station we are received by the Vice-Governor and the chief of police, who accompany us to the landing stage, and soon we are on board of the good boat *Ohio III*, a steamer of about one thousand tons capacity, sailing under the American flag, and which has been chartered by the Bank of Japan for our use in the Inland Sea and our journey to Korea. Captain Jones, the commander, an Englishman, endeavors to make us comfortable, which is not difficult, as the boat, with its cabins, offers good accommodation for the entire party, including Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, whom we have invited to be our guests for the trip to Korea. Dinner is served soon after, which tastes very good, the whole arrange-

ment being just like that on a private yacht, Mother and I being the hosts. The steamer starts on its voyage about 11 P.M., and we soon retire to our cabins for the night.

*Sunday, April 29th.*—The weather has only waited to get nice until we could fully appreciate it here on these glorious waters of the famous Inland Sea. As we come on deck in the morning, the steamer is just entering the so-called northern passage, which is too narrow and too full of islands for the larger ocean boats, which have to seek the wider southern passage on their way to China. The picturesqueness of this passage can hardly be described. The main coast is mountainous throughout, almost every mountain being covered with green fields, with towns and villages nestling in every nook and corner. Almost every island we pass, and these are without number, has an elevation, the effect being heightened by the pure blue sky and the glorious sunshine. Perhaps Norway furnishes a somewhat similar picture on some parts of its coast, but hardly as gladdening as this at once grand and peaceful panorama. After feasting upon this wonderful scenery for some eight hours, we cast anchor at four o'clock in the afternoon in the bay of Miyajima, and are

promptly taken ashore upon Japanese junks. Miyajima is a sacred island, it being dedicated to the Shinto temple, which latter is built on piles right over the ocean front, so that at high tide the temple appears from afar as if swimming upon the waters. As we approach the temple gate, we are received there by Baron Asano, chief keeper of the temple, whose family has for seven hundred years been the main support of this temple. With his assistant he takes charge of our party, and after having first explained to us the temple and its annexes, the two fine-looking men take us around the shores of the island into a most wonderful grove, which forms a natural terrace, where we are served with coffee. Then Mother is asked to plant a young tree, which has been brought by order of Baron Asano, and after she has done this most gracefully, a tablet is promptly erected near it, inscribed "Planted by Mrs. Schiff," and a bamboo inclosure is to be built around it. Should our children or grandchildren happen to come to this distant and secluded corner of the world, perhaps they may still find here this memento of Mother's visit. We all agree that we have never seen a more charming spot. The whole gives the impression of an enchanted island. The little



village, with the vista of a bit of Japanese landscape gardening in the rear of every little house, the huge bright red temple, the high green mountains as a relief to the whole, furnish a picture hardly to be forgotten. The regular steamers do not touch here, and the only boat in the harbor is the Italian man-of-war, on board of which Prince Ferdinand of Udine is visiting this coast; he had been at the temple just before us, and his ship is about preparing to leave. The evening darkness coming on, we reluctantly have to say good-by to our amiable priestly hosts and their beautiful sacred island, on which no human being is permitted to be born or to die, nor is any farming allowed on the island. As we leave, we are informed that the stone lanterns, 309 in number, which line the shore and which are only lit on festivals and exceptional occasions, will be lighted in our honor at dark, our steamer expecting to remain in the bay until the morning. We return aboard in the steam launch of the chief of police, who places his boat at our disposal. Dinner awaits us on the steamer, and as we come upon deck after dinner, the shore is aglow with the lights of many lanterns. Thus the day ends amid most enchanting impressions.



*Monday, April 30th.*—We begin the day by sending Joseph ashore with cablegrams, with which we and Neustadt transmit out congratulations to Adèle and Morti, who to-day celebrate their wooden wedding anniversary, and our thoughts wander home to children and grandchildren. At an early hour the Mayor of Miyajima, the Chief of Police, Baron Asano, the guardian of the temple, and his assistant Shinto priest come aboard to pay a return visit before we sail and present us with photographs and illuminated postal cards of their little town, the temple, and its surroundings. The usual mutual compliments are paid, neither of us understanding the other's language, until Mr. Kitashima comes to our aid and acts as interpreter. Then these men depart and I can get to my delayed breakfast. The morning is somewhat hazy, but soon the sun breaks through, and getting a last view of enchanting Miyajima, we sail away for Kuré, where we arrive and anchor about midday. Here is located the most important navy yard and arsenal of Japan, which played a most important part in the recent war. Besides a number of torpedo destroyers and torpedo boats, which cover the waters, a number of captured Russian transports, among these the battle ship *Oriel*,

so often mentioned in naval engagements in the Sea of Japan and captured there, have been brought here for repairs, and make quite an interesting sight. Before long a steam launch brings an officer from the shore, who is introduced as the second commander of the naval station. He informs us that Prince Ferdinand of Udine is expected toward two o'clock, and suggests that we wait until after luncheon before coming ashore and then join the Prince's party for an inspection of the navy yard and arsenal. This being satisfactory to us, we take luncheon, and at the appointed time the Vice-Commander appears again and takes us ashore in his launch. Prince Ferdinand and his suite, having landed ahead of us, have started for the inspection of the navy yard, and we follow, but leave the ladies waiting for us in the garden of the Administration Building so that they may not tire themselves, the entire inspection being expected to take several hours. The Prince's party having hurried on, we follow leisurely with the Vice-Commander and another officer, who show and explain the different features of this very large establishment. Among the many other reminiscences of the war, consisting of captured guns, fragments of the Russian ships, badly damaged and

removed in the course of the repairs to the ships, we are shown a large Russian hospital ship, captured for violating the Red Cross flag. The ship is in the immense dry dock, and it is explained to us that she was placed there last week to be put into shape for being sent to San Francisco; meantime President Roosevelt's declination of foreign assistance has made further preparations unnecessary. We also learn in the course of our talk with the Vice-Commander who shows us around that he was in command of the torpedo boat which made the first attack upon the Russian fleet at Port Arthur at the outbreak of the war. After about an hour and a half's interesting inspection of the navy yard, we return to the ladies, who have meantime been entertained by Mr. Arishima, chief instructor in mechanical arts at the naval academy, a most accomplished man, who, we are told, has made some very important inventions in gun construction. Just then Prince Ferdinand and his suite also make their appearance, and following them, we all repair to the arsenal and are shown the different shops, all of enormous size, where the forging of large guns and ammunition, as well as the making of armor plates and other parts for two large-sized battle ships, which have just

been launched and which we see floating in the bay, is actively being carried on. The work proves most interesting, especially to the ladies, who have never seen anything of this kind, and the afternoon hour has well advanced before we are aware of it. At the outset of our inspection of the arsenal, we are joined by Chief Director Katakoga of the station and a number of the high officers, who desert the Prince's party to accompany us, evidently more interest being shown in us than in the Prince. Nearly all of these officers speak some English, most of them having been at the Armstrong and other works in England. We learn among other interesting facts that the navy yard and arsenal employ 27,000 workmen, year in, year out, that it was started some eighteen years ago, and that its great growth dates from the Japanese-Chinese war, after which Japan evidently immediately began to prepare for a conflict with Russia. Returning to the Administration Building, Prince Ferdinand and suite are just emerging from it, and Admiral Yoshimat, who accompanies the Prince, asks him whether he wishes to be introduced to our party, which he answers in the affirmative, whereupon I am first presented, and telling the Prince that we have already made his acquaint-

ance at the Marchioness Nabishima's ball at Tokio, he expresses gratification at meeting us again. I then introduce Mother and the other ladies, and after the exchange of civilities, the Prince and his suite pass on, whereupon we are taken to the spacious reception rooms, where we find high tea prepared for us. The entire party has become rather hungry and does full justice to the tea, and especially to the excellent cakes, which have been provided in great abundance. Rear Admiral Yoshimat, having meantime become free by the departure of the Prince, comes in to chat with our party, expressing his gratification at meeting me, of whose services to his country he had already heard. Mother is then presented with a small shell from a man-of-war captured in the naval battle in the Sea of Japan, and which had been nickel-plated as a memento. We are then asked to inscribe our names in the distinguished visitors' book, a tasteful emblem of the crossed American and Japanese flags having thoughtfully been placed over the page upon which we inscribe our names. Soon after we have to leave to return to our ship; the officers accompany us to the landing stage, we get into the launch, into which are first placed the flowers which had adorned the recep-

tion room, and before long we again find ourselves on board of our good boat, which then promptly sails away, as we shall want to reach Moji in good time in the morning. At dinner, all being in fine spirits because of the interesting experiences we have had, we have some champagne opened, and drink to the health of Morti and Adèle, the wooden-wedding celebrants. The evening then passes quickly with bridge, reading, and writing.

*Tuesday, May 1st.*—After two days of fine weather, it has been our experience in Japan, one can almost always be certain that a rainy day will follow. After sailing all night, we find ourselves in the harbor of Moji this morning, the rain coming down in torrents. I have hardly come on deck, when the manager and submanager of the branch of the Bank of Japan appear to pay their respects and to tell us that they have made arrangements to take us by boat to the large governmental ironworks, an hour and a half distant. The weather being, however, so unfavorable, we ask to be excused from going, at which these good men seem to feel relieved and bid us good-by. Shortly thereafter the Mayor of the town, with the Chief of Police, come to pay their respects, and the usual

amiabilities are exchanged, the Mayor, who is an old man, telling me that he had been in the navy when Commodore Perry made the treaty by which Japan was opened to American commerce, and that he had since been to the United States, of which he was a great admirer. He departs with his escort, and shortly afterwards sends flowers on board for Mother, also illustrated memorial postal cards and stamps, just issued in commemoration of the festivities in honor of the victorious ending of the war, these festivities taking place in Tokio yesterday and to-day. It is indeed most touching how, even in the small and remote places of Japan, people wish to show us some kind of attention, in appreciation, as they always say, of my services to them in the hour of their country's need. We have to remain in Moji harbor for several hours to take on coal, an interesting proceeding, the coal being transferred from the barge to the steamer by means of baskets, handled with astonishing rapidity by a chain of men and women. Moji is the western end of the Inland Sea and adjoins Shimonoseki, where eleven years ago the peace treaty was concluded between China and Japan, Li Hung Chang and Marquis Ito being the respective commis-

sioners. We leave Moji shortly after noon and soon are in the Sea of Japan, steaming toward the island of Tsushima, where hardly a year ago Admiral Togo dealt so crushing a blow to the Russian fleet. The sea is high, regular English Channel weather, and most of our party succumb, Mother alone saving the honor of the ladies. Budge and I maintain ourselves likewise, but as the rain continues and the sea remains rough, everyone retires to bed at a comparatively early hour, hoping better things from the morrow.

*Wednesday, May 2d.*—The sea has become somewhat more quiet during the night, and on rising, we sight the Korean west coast, the Yellow Sea separating Korea from China. The rain has ceased and gradually the sky is clearing. We wind our way between many islands, all rising straight out of the ocean; they show little or no vegetation, and, with the rugged coast, make an impressive picture. The day passes quietly with writing, reading, and bridge, the ladies retiring early, while the men remain on deck somewhat longer, the night being beautiful, with the bright stars and the rising moon over the distant coast, and the open but quiet waters into which we have drifted on our way to Chemulpo, where we expect to



arrive in the morning and where we intend to land to take the railroad to Seoul, twenty-six miles distant.

*Thursday, May 3d.*—"The Land of the Morning Calm" is the name sometimes given to Korea. As we come on deck this morning the ocean is as smooth as oil, a hazy atmosphere covering the coast and water as well as the islands between which the steamer plies its way. The forenoon passes rapidly and soon we are nearing the harbor of Chemulpo, so well known from its importance in the early history of the Russo-Japanese war. It was here where the first actual naval combat took place between the *Varijag* and *Corleitz* on the Russian side and the Japanese *Velles*, under Admiral Uriu, the Russian ships being blown up by their commanders to escape capture. But no longer is there any activity in Chemulpo harbor, except the considerable number of Korean junks, many of which surround our steamer as soon as it anchors, to secure the transfer of passengers and baggage. We are called for in a steam launch on which are the collector of the port, the Japanese consul, and the manager of the First Bank (of which our friend, Baron Shibusuma, of Tokio, is the president), the latter having come on from Seoul to greet us. Upon landing at the

dock we are greeted by the Mayor of the town, a Japanese; as we have an hour before the train starts, we make an inspection tour through the town, stopping a short while at the house of the Japanese consul. Little can be said about the town, which does not give an impression of prosperity. It has a considerable Chinese and a still larger Japanese population, aside from the Korean populace. The latter are a new element to us, and with their long white coats and strange hats, somewhat in the form of a cake dish, placed upon the extreme top of the head, make a strange impression. The women wear circular coats, sometimes in white, but often in green, which they draw over head and face, so that you can seldom recognize them. The females we saw were all very homely, which may account for the hiding of their faces. After a while we repair to the railway station, where we again find a special train awaiting us, the railroad being built upon the American model, with American cars, which form a welcome change from the narrow Japanese cars. It is only twenty-seven miles from Chemulpo to Seoul, the country the road traverses being rather interesting; soon we reach Seoul, where we are received at the station by Mr. Gordon Paddock, the American consul-

general; by Mr. Stevens, the American adviser of the Japanese Foreign Office; and Mr. Megata, the Japanese financial adviser of the Korean Government—a Harvard graduate—and by a representative of the resident-general's office—Marquis Ito—the resident-general being absent in Tokio. After the exchange of civilities, we are taken in Sedan chairs to a German house, kept by a Miss Sontag, where we find pleasant quarters. After a while we make a call at the American consulate, formerly the legation, a kind of bungalow, very pleasantly situated in a large garden. Then we take a walk through the town, which, with its picturesque population, makes a most interesting impression, but is indescribably dirty. Evening coming on, we return to the hotel and have a good dinner, retiring early.

*Friday, May 4th.*—Mr. Gordon Paddock, the American consul-general, and Mr. Stevens call soon after breakfast to show us the town, for which purpose Mr. Paddock has arranged to have a special trolley car placed at our disposal, which runs through the principal streets into the open country. We ride the entire length of the trolley line—about ten miles—and get a very good view indeed of the town and its

immediate surroundings, the most oriental we have ever seen. The Neustadts tell us Egypt is hardly more oriental or more picturesque. We are told there is no such thing as law here; he who pays most gets what he wants and justice is made to order. The Japanese, who since the close of the war have acquired a protectorate over Korea, have taken hold with a firm hand and are endeavoring to get order out of chaos, a task which is being made as difficult as possible for them by all, especially by the foreigners, who hitherto have mostly been on the make in one way or the other. At one o'clock we go to take luncheon with Consul Paddock, who has invited a few Americans to meet us, mostly promoters, except a Mr. Townsend, who is agent of the Standard Oil Company and said to be much respected. While at luncheon at Mr. Paddock's Mr. Ku, one of the chamberlains of the Emperor, appears to call on me on the latter's behalf, and to express his Majesty's regret that, being slightly indisposed, he will be unable to receive me, but he hopes that we will accept an invitation to luncheon the following day with his Grand Master of Ceremonies and members of the cabinet at the East Palace, and that after the luncheon the ladies of the party will be re-

ceived by Lady Om—who since the death of the Empress, who was murdered in 1895, has become Princess Consort and does the honors of the court. Soon after we leave Mr. Paddock's residence and are taken by him to the North Palace, a most interesting group of buildings, including the large audience hall, where in years gone by the Korean kings, standing behind a lacquer screen, which is still there, received the notables of the kingdom. The many pavilions and buildings forming the palace have in their architecture a strong Chinese impress, the whole being most picturesque and impressive, except that the condition of the buildings is very dilapidated. It was here that the Empress was murdered, and because of this, we are told, the Emperor has an aversion against this palace and permits it to run down. Returning to the hotel, we have soon to prepare to go to the official residence of the resident-general, where the acting resident-general, Mr. Tsuruhara, has invited us to dinner. Upon our arrival there we find a company, consisting, besides the host, of Commanding General Otani—of Mukden fame—Mr. Nabishima, the chief secretary; Mr. Megatta, the financial adviser; the English consul-general, and also the French consul-general, with their wives, as

well as the German, the Belgian, and the Chinese consuls. The Japanese regimental band dispenses animating music during the dinner, which is served in fine style; Mother is placed between the host and Mr. Megatta, while my seat is between Mrs. Cockburn, the wife of the English consul, an interesting lady, who was shut up during the Boxer rebellion at Peking with the other legations and tells me all about it, and Mrs. Neustadt. After dinner we are treated to a production by Korean dancing girls, accompanied by a native band, a most unique and interesting performance. It is midnight when we get back to the hotel.

*Saturday, May 5th.*—The ladies feeling the necessity of husbanding their strength, because of the various engagements the day is to bring, remain indoors during the forenoon, while I pay some calls on my Japanese friends. At one o'clock we proceed to the East Palace, where in an open pavilion we are received by Mr. Ty-Kun-Sang, the Emperor's Grand Master of Ceremony; the Prime Minister, the Finance Minister, and a goodly number of other dignitaries, all Koreans, of whom a number speak English and German, the most intelligent being Mr. Ku, who had al-

ready waited upon us the previous day. Luncheon is soon served in an adjoining pavilion in most approved occidental style, the imperial military orchestra furnishing most excellent regimental music during the meal. A Mr. Kettler, a German from Silesia, is the instructor and leader of this Korean band, and we willingly shower praise upon him when he is introduced to us. After luncheon the entire party starts upon a promenade through the vast park, and we become specially interested in the large number of beautiful herons which have built their nests upon the trees, the impressions we receive being again somewhat on the Arabian Nights style. Toward five o'clock we return to the hotel, the ladies having to prepare for the visit at another palace to Lady Om, the Princess Consort. Scarcely arrived at the hotel, Mr. Ku, the Emperor's chamberlain, appears again, bringing with him a number of messengers, who carry packages, which, as Mr. Ku informs us, contain presents sent by his Majesty with his repeated regrets that he cannot receive us personally. The packages are found to contain for each of the ladies two rolls of silk, and besides this for Mother a silver teacup, and a picture and a leopard skin for me. We express our grati-

tude and then the ladies depart with Mr. Ku for Lady Om's palace. From this reception the ladies return after about an hour, and Mother reports of it the following: "We were received in an anteroom, where we found a young boy about ten years old, who was presented to us as Prince Yung, a son of Lady Om (and the Emperor). The young fellow well understood how to do the honors and asked us to partake of cakes until his mother could see us, he himself taking a good share for himself. Soon we were ushered into a second room, where we found Lady Om sitting at a table, surrounded by a number of ladies-in-waiting. She is a pure-blooded Korean, evidently very bright, about forty-five years old, and is said to have very great influence upon the Emperor, her ambition being to secure the succession for her son, the present Crown Prince being somewhat of an imbecile. Lady Om was very condescending, and after exchanging civilities, we retired, the young Prince again accompanying us to the anteroom, where champagne and sweets were served, which we, however, declined, this making the young fellow very unhappy. We then left for the hotel."

Shortly after the ladies had come back—during their absence I had gone to the club at the invitation



of Mr. Paddock—another chamberlain of the Emperor appears—this time one who speaks German—to say good-by on behalf of the Emperor, and again to express the latter's regrets that he had not been able to receive me, which he would have done despite his indisposition did not the Japanese resident-general insist that he should have no intercourse with foreigners except in the presence of the resident-general or his representative. It appears this became necessary to prevent the constant plotting and intriguing the Emperor is said to carry on with Russian and other foreign representatives, and this regulation on the part of the Japanese being now strictly enforced, the Emperor declines to receive any foreigner for whom the Japanese resident-general may request audience.

We dine at the hotel early, and after dinner we leave for Mr. and Mrs. Megatta's residence to attend a reception and ball given in our honor. We find a large company assembled, including practically all the foreign residents, the Korean finance minister—but no other Koreans—and a goodly number of Japanese with their ladies. Mrs. Megatta, the hostess, who had only returned from Japan the previous evening, we find a charming lady, and we quite enjoy this social

entertainment in this strange land. The music is again by the Korean military orchestra and is very good. There is considerable dancing, supper being served at eleven o'clock, during the progress of which we leave and soon find ourselves at the hotel, ready to retire for our early departure in the morning.

*Sunday, May 6th.*—Thirty-one years ago to-day Mother and I became united for life, and therefore it is our first pleasure to-day to congratulate each other for all the happiness and blessings this long period has brought us. May God long continue it! Immediately after breakfast we have to leave the hotel for the railroad station, our special train being booked to leave at 9.30 o'clock. Reaching the station, we find a large number of friends, who have come to bid us good-by, including Mr. Tsuruhara, the acting governor-general; Mr. Megatta, Mr. Nabishima, Mr. Stevens, Consul Paddock, a few of the Koreans whom we had met, and several of the American colony. Our train soon starts on its way to Fusan, the southern port of Korea, 270 miles distant, accompanied by the general manager, Mr. Adachi. This road has only been opened somewhat over a year, and is entirely owned in Japan. It is built like our American roads, standard

gauge, with American equipment, the entire construction being very solid and permanent. The road is no doubt destined to aid considerably in the development of the country, the possibilities of which appear, under the intelligent administration the Japanese are no doubt going to give Korea, to be very considerable. The country we traverse is rich in scenic variation, and the ten hours' travel passes quite quickly. We arrive at Fusan at 7.30 o'clock, and are much pleased to find awaiting us there a number of cablegrams from home with congratulations on our wedding day. Our boat, the *Ohio III*, is in the harbor and we are taken to it in a steam launch, but the wind being very high, we have some difficulty in getting aboard. The captain deems it well to wait some hours for the going down of the wind, and we do not leave Fusan harbor until after midnight. Scarcely outside, we find ourselves in the midst of a storm, which, instead of subsiding, increases continually in fury. The 117 miles (the length of the straits separating Korea from Japan) are at all times subject to weather somewhat like that which prevails in the English Channel, and we are unlucky enough to find these straits at their worst.

*Monday, May 7th.*—Everybody appears to prefer

to remain in bed, and I find myself alone on deck this morning at about ten o'clock. With the turbulence of the waters, I feel, however, anything but comfortable. No one coming to luncheon, and being personally not in a frame of mind and body for a meal, the day drags drearily on until toward four o'clock, when the sea becomes somewhat quieter, and gradually the rest of the party make their appearance. We reach Moji, on the Japanese side, at eight o'clock, twelve hours late, but are happy that the ugly, perhaps somewhat dangerous, crossing is behind us. We cast anchor here to remain for the night, take a good dinner, and receive from land a considerable mail, which has been sent on from Tokio and has accumulated here, including letters from home, which make us very glad, and with the perusal of which we spend the rest of the evening.

*Tuesday, May 8th.*—The steamer leaves Moji during the night, and as we rise we find ourselves once more sailing through the Inland Sea. But instead of the beautiful weather and perfect scenery we enjoyed during the early part of last week in the same waters, it now rains incessantly, so that the coast and the islands can barely be seen through the mist. The deck is wet

and we seek the shelter of the cabin and smoking room, where the day and evening are passed with correspondence, reading, conversation, and bridge playing until we retire, hoping for better things from the morrow.

*Wednesday, May 9th.*—We are called at an early hour, as the steamer is to reach its destination, Osaka, at half past seven o'clock, and we shall then have to disembark to catch our special train. Breakfast is hurriedly taken, meantime the steamer has cast anchor in Osaka harbor, we make our adieus to good and careful Captain Jones, and are taken by a steam launch to the landing place under the guidance of the sub-manager of the Bank of Japan, who has come on board at this early hour to receive us, see us safely landed, and take us to our train. The ladies in a carriage, the men in jinrikishas, are swiftly driven along the extensive fine quay, the city of Osaka somewhat in the distance until it is reached after a lengthy drive; at about half past eight o'clock we get to the railroad station, the entrance to which is decorated with the American and Japanese flags, while the reception room into which we are shown is decked with flowers. The Chief of Police, the Vice-Prefect, and a Deputy

from the Mayor make their appearance to welcome us and to wish us a pleasant journey. Shortly our train, in which we also find handsome flowers, moves out, and we journey through the green fields and mountain scenery to Nara, which we reach soon after ten o'clock. Here we intend to stop over for some hours in order to view the celebrated temple with its surroundings, and we are again received by the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and several dignitaries, who take charge of us personally to show us the sights. A short jinrikisha ride brings us to one of the most beautiful spots we have yet seen in Japan. We find ourselves in an avenue of cryptomerias and other tall trees, where we become surrounded by several hundred deer, which press in upon us for cakes, which we buy at a stand near by and which are eagerly snatched up by the handsome tame animals. As we proceed into the park we find it full of wistaria trees, all in bloom, of such sizes and fragranciness as we have never known before. The rich dark green of the trees and the delicate color of the wistaria, in such abundance, make an almost intoxicating picture. At the entrance of Kasuga Temple a Shinto priest receives us with much deference and takes us around. He shows us

first the dignified Shinto temples and then orders two dancing girls attached to the temple to give a performance, consisting of a sacred dance, accompanied by the monotonous music of two priests. We are served with tea and dainties, and then proceed through the park to the large Buddha, the largest in Japan, placed here a thousand years ago, though the head was removed some two hundred years ago, it having become damaged by fire. Again mounting the jinrikishas we are taken to a charmingly situated inn where a good luncheon is awaiting us. The view which we enjoy during the meal is most attractive—a Japanese garden, with the typical pond, all set in the fine mountain scenery in the near distance. Luncheon being finished soon after one o'clock, the time has arrived to return to the station for the resumption of our journey to Nagoya, which we reach after a pleasant railroad ride of three and one-half hours at half past five o'clock. At Nagoya we are received by the officers of the Bank of Japan and by the president of the Bankers' Association, who welcome us to their city, in which it is our intention to rest several days before we return to Tokio. We drive to the Nagoya Hotel, an inn one-half in European and the other half

in Japanese style, and, as it has become late, nothing further is undertaken, all desiring to retire early after the full day we have enjoyed.

*Thursday, May 10th.*—Again a rainy day, but, notwithstanding this, not long after breakfast the whole party sets out in jinrikishas (carriages cannot be had here) for Nagoya Castle, the principal sight of the town. The castle is a unique structure with a number of pagodas, one above the other, on the topmost of which two large solid gold dolphins are placed, each valued at £35,000. The castle was built some two hundred years ago, as a place of residence and stronghold of one of the leading daimos, and constitutes a regular fortress. From the highest floor a fine view of the surrounding country is enjoyed, a large fertile plain, and mountains in the distance. Adjoining the castle is the palace, with a number of finely decorated rooms, by artists of the different leading older schools. We return to the hotel for luncheon, and in the afternoon, as it continues to rain, we can do nothing but visit some shops, in which nothing remarkable can be found, the same being the case at the industrial museum, which we also visit before returning to the hotel for the rest of the afternoon and the evening.



*Friday, May 11th.*—Nothing further remaining to be done in purely commercial Nagoya, we have decided to return to-day to Tokio, but find that our special train cannot be scheduled promptly on account of the overcrowded tracks. As we do not wish to delay our departure for another day, we ask the management to reserve a number of compartments on the regular limited train, which they promise to arrange. The forenoon is utilized in taking one more look at the town—the ladies going to a silk-spinning establishment—and after taking an early luncheon, we leave for the station to catch the train. Upon its arrival we find that the management has arranged to make us very comfortable, having provided for us an abundance of space, and we soon speed toward Tokio, through a fine agricultural country, enjoying a fine vista of the ocean on the one side and of the mountains on the other. The time passes rapidly, and in the late afternoon Fujiyama in all its majesty comes into sight. The snow in which the mountain was clad when we saw it some five weeks ago at Mijanoshito and Hakone has mostly disappeared, the top only remaining covered. The now green mountain with its white hood, around which some soft clouds float, makes a most impressive

appearance; it looks as if it grew right out of the valley, and there is something mystic about the mountain with its cone-shaped top stretching into the skies. After having skirted Fuji for about an hour, it disappears, and soon the evening shades begin to appear and with these our appetite for dinner. We are notified that the dining car will not be opened to other passengers until our party have had their meal, and not wishing to get the passengers into bad humor, we take an early dinner, which, for a railroad meal, is very satisfactorily served. Two hours remain after dinner before we reach Tokio, where upon arrival we are promptly driven to the hotel, and find comfortable rooms awaiting us and soon retire for the night.

*Saturday, May 12th.*—This is darling Gerald's birthday, on which Mother and I congratulate ourselves the first thing in the morning, and then the cable is intrusted with the carrying of our congratulations and loving messages to far-away New York. It is a fine day and we decide to see something of the parks in their spring dress. Hearing that there is a fine wistaria show in one of the smaller parks, Mother, Neustadt, Ernst, and I repair there, and spend a delightful hour among the trees, admiring the flowers,

the groups of parents and children, so fond of nature, and we reluctantly return to the hotel for a late luncheon. In the afternoon Mr. Takahashi calls to take me to Count Inouyé, who was away when we were in Tokio before, and to meet whom specially interests me, the Count having had charge of the Empire's financial plans during the war. Count Inouyé, who is a man of about seventy years, one of the so-called Elder Statesmen, receives me most cordially, highly commends what my firm has done for his country, and drifting into general conversation, we exchange views upon the economic and financial situation for fully an hour and a half, after which I leave with the promise that I will take luncheon with him before we depart. The evening is quietly spent at the hotel, as we have announced that we shall accept no further invitations.

*Sunday, May 13th.*—Two days having been fine, it is in the regular order that a rainy day shall follow, and it pours with a vengeance. Notwithstanding this, we have a number of visitors in the morning, and we do not leave the hotel until after twelve o'clock, when we have to drive to the somewhat distant villa of Marshal Oyama, where we had promised to accept

an invitation for luncheon before we left Tokio three weeks ago and which we found awaiting us upon our return to this city. Reaching the Oyama villa we are received by the Marshal himself, who, though not speaking any foreign language, plays the host excellently. He is a portly man, well in the sixties, with a bland expression, always amiable and smiling. His wife, a graduate of Vassar, is a most attractive lady, who soon makes us feel at home in her house. Miss Oyama, the daughter—a sweet maiden of about nineteen years, whom we had already met at the Bank of Japan garden party—again captures our hearts by her natural, unassuming manner; there are a few other guests, the Marshal's adjutant, Mr. Matsuo, Mr. Takahashi, and three or four others. The luncheon is a very homelike affair. I sit next to the Marchioness, Mother next to the Marshal. The conversation is as between friends of long standing. After luncheon the gentlemen sit down together in the hall, the adjutant, who talks English quite well, acting as interpreter. Marshal Oyama tells us something of his war experiences, and at our request he presents us with his signed photographs. After having been there almost three hours we find we should leave, and part with

many amiable mutual expressions, the Oyamas, we believe, having also taken a liking to us. It is still raining, but we use the rest of the afternoon to make some farewell visits, and returning to the hotel for dinner, we remain indoors during the evening.

*Monday, May 14th.*—This is to be the last day of our stay in Tokio. Early in the forenoon Mr. Takahashi calls for the party to take them to a loan exhibition in Uyeno Park, which visit I cannot join, as I have to go to the dentist. The latter, a young Japanese, who has studied and lived six years in America, makes a very good temporary filling of a tooth which has given me some trouble, and upon my asking him for the amount of his fee, he answers: "I really don't wish to take any payment from you, Mr. Schiff." While I urge that I cannot consent to this, and finally force payment upon the doctor, I have found all over Japan that people who have heard of me are anxious to render me any service they can; it is really touching—the appreciation and gratitude of these people. Before luncheon I make a farewell call upon Governor Matsuo of the Bank of Japan and then return to the hotel. In the afternoon, while Mother, with Ernst, is looking after the final preparations for the fare-

well dinner we expect to give in the evening, I drive to the Imperial palace and also to the Crown Prince's palace to inscribe my name P. P. C. Then I make a visit to Mr. Laughlin, the secretary of the American Embassy, with whom we have become well acquainted, and returning to the hotel, it is soon time to prepare for the receiving of our guests, it being the custom in Japan for guests to arrive at any time within an hour before the time fixed by the invitation. The hour of our dinner having been stated as at half after seven o'clock, the first guests begin to arrive at seven o'clock, and by half past seven every one of the seventy-two guests is there. These are as follows: Count Inouyé (Elder Statesman), Count and Countess Matsukata (Elder Statesman), Marquis and Marchioness Nibashima (leaders of Tokio society and related to the Imperial family), Baron and Baroness Shibusawa (the first banker of Japan and Korea), Mr. and Mrs. Nagasaki (Master of Ceremonies of the Emperor), Baron and Baroness Mitsui (head of the renowned Mitsui family), Mr. and Mrs. H. Mitsui (of the same family), Mr. and Mrs. S. Mitsui (also of this family), Mr. and Mrs. H. Matsukata (son of Count Matsukata), Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Howard (general

agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the leading American in Japan), Mr. Bekkey (manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank), Mr. and Mrs. Sakatani (Minister of Finance), Mr. Kato (recently Minister of Foreign Affairs), Mr. Matsuo (Governor of the Bank of Japan), Mr. and Mrs. Takahashi, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon (of England), Mr. Masuda (leading partner of the Mitsuis), Mrs. Scidmore and her son Mr. Scidmore (counsel of the American Embassy, his mother being eighty-two years old and a fine old lady of great activity; she has lived in Japan twenty years), Dr. and Mrs. Biddle (of Philadelphia, whom we had become acquainted with on the *Manchuria*), Mr. Mori (private secretary of the Finance Minister), Mr. Miller (secretary of the American Legation), Mr. Laughlin, Sr. (of Pittsburg), and his son, Mr. Irving Laughlin (attaché to the American Embassy, the father being at present on a visit to the son, having come with us on the *Manchuria*), Mr. and Mrs. Sakurada (friends of the Takahashis), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown (of London, a well-known English solicitor, whom I had already met in New York and of whom we have seen considerable in Japan), Mr. and Mrs. Soyeda

(President of the Industrial Bank), Mr. Dennison (an American, diplomatic adviser of the Japanese Foreign Office), Mr. and Mrs. Chinda (Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs), Marchioness Oyama (who had to come without her husband, who had been called out of town), Mr. and Mrs. Huntingdon Wilson (American Chargé d'Affaires), Mr. Ozaki (Mayor of Tokio), Mr. and Mrs. Sonoda (President of the Nobles' Bank), Mrs. Morton Grinnell (of New York, with whom we had become well acquainted on the *Manchuria*), Mr. Fukai (Secretary of the Bank of Japan), Mr. Okura (the merchant prince of Japan), Baron and Baroness Kaneko (Japan's unofficial representative in America during the war), Baron Komura (ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, who conducted the peace conference at Portsmouth), Mr. Hirai (manager of the government railroads), Mr. Nakano (chairman of the Tokio Stock Exchange), Mr. and Mrs. Kitashima (delegate of the Bank of Japan to accompany us during our entire stay in Japan), and Mr. Asaua (President of the Oriental Steamship Company). Carte blanche having been given by us to the manager of the Imperial Hotel, the banquet hall had been splendidly decorated with flowers, American



and Japanese flags, etc., the dinner itself being very creditable. Mother was seated between Count Matsukata and Count Inouyé, my own seat being between the Marchioness Oyama and Countess Matsukata. The guests appeared to be in good spirits and time passed quickly. Toward the close of the dinner I make the following address:

*Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

*It is very good of you to have done Mrs. Schiff and me the honor to accept our invitation, so as to enable our friends and ourselves to meet you once more socially before we have to return to our own homes. Let me thank you for the beautiful hospitality you have shown us, for the endeavors some of our particular friends, whom we have the pleasure of having with us this evening, have made, to add to the enjoyment and to the interest of our visit, wherever we wend our way. Now that our visit draws to its end, we leave with much regret, and, I assure you, with a feeling of cordial attachment for your country. While here I have been asked repeatedly what impressions we were receiving, but not wishing to express prematurely formed views, I rather sought until now to avoid a*

*reply. I know, however, I shall be asked the same question as soon as we land upon our own shores, and in parting from you I think I may tell you what my reply will be. I shall say that the inherent characteristics of the people of Japan appear to be simplicity, frugality, and loyalty—loyalty to their sovereign, loyalty to their country, loyalty to one another. I shall speak of your piety and of the touching reverence the young have for the aged, of the love with which the aged dote upon the young. I shall say that in my opinion your people derive their strength and self-reliance from their early and systematic practice of manly sports, developing themselves physically and at the same time becoming accustomed to control and to subjugate their passions, and from thirst for learning, education having been made almost as accessible and as free as the air they live in. I shall also feel justified in saying that Japan having just been victorious in one of the greatest wars in history, its people have not become overbearing, but have modestly returned to their daily occupations, evidently resolved to secure by peaceful means compensation for the sacrifices which have been brought, by opening new markets for their commerce and industry—willing, however, to share*

*these markets with the other nations of the world, and that because of this, Japan should have the good will of the other nations and the recognition of leadership in this hemisphere, which now of right belongs to it. Thus I shall speak of Japan and its people. You have your faults; who has not? You have your curio dealers, but even these appear to be willing to let one keep just enough to pay for the return home. And now this: Two months ago we came here to visit you in order to become better acquainted with your country, your people, and their customs. We came as strangers, but you received us with open arms and soon we were strangers no longer. I know you desired to show your appreciation of the service it was my good fortune to be able to render your country at a time when it needed friends. But now that this account has been so liberally balanced by you, may I not express the hope, if we should come again, or if it should be our still greater privilege to welcome any of you in our own homes, that no other motive will then be needed for our hearts to open to each other than that friend meets friend! By no word in our own language can I so adequately express what I, and with me, no doubt, Mrs. Schiff and our friends, would wish to say in this parting hour*

*than by your own "Sayanora"—"if it must be." And now I lift my glass to your health and to your happiness and to the prosperity of your country—Sayanora!*

The toast is received most kindly, and at its close a Japanese flag in flowers, which had been placed over the mantel in the center of the room, is electrically illuminated, the orchestra striking up the Japanese national hymn, the entire company rising. The address is then rendered again in Japanese by Mr. Fukai for the benefit of the guests who do not understand English. Count Matsukata, who is well in the seventies, a most dignified, stately gentleman, then rises to make a reply in Japanese, eulogizing me personally, and dwelling upon the value to Japan of American sympathy and friendship, his toast being translated into English by Mr. Fukai. The orchestra strikes up the American national hymn, the entire company again standing. After this the dinner soon comes to an end, Neustadt and Budge first saying each a few words, and the company adjourns to the reception rooms, the men smoking and conversing animatedly, until gradually the guests take leave at about half past eleven o'clock, all expressing pleasure at the

pleasant evening spent, and assuring us that our visit to Japan would not be soon forgotten. We are all specially impressed that our coming to Japan and the exceptionally open manner in which we were received by Japanese society meant considerable for the ladies of Japan, who, as we were repeatedly told, had before never appeared so frequently in social gatherings until our coming. The hour having become late and the morrow being the day of our departure at an early hour, we retire soon after the guests have left, at about midnight.

*Tuesday, May 15th.*—We have to rise somewhat earlier than usual, as Mother and I, with Ernst, intend to visit Kamakura—where the rest of the party had already been—before removing to Yokohama. We leave the hotel at half past nine o'clock, and reaching the railway station, we find a number of friends awaiting us to say good-by, among them the Marchioness Oyama and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Soyeda, Mr. and Mrs. Sonoda and their daughter, Mr. Okura, Mr. Nakano, the President of the Chamber of Commerce; Mr. and Mrs. Takahashi, and others. Soon we are off, and arrive at Kamakura at about eleven o'clock. Here we take jinrikishas to

the temple, which, however, offers nothing of great interest. It is the immense bronze Buddha—the most beautiful in Japan—which is the great attraction of Kamakura and calls forth the admiration of the visitor. This wonderfully impressive image is some fifty feet in height; its face expresses the most sublime resignation and contentment. We remain a little while in contemplation of the great work and then—from the sublime to the ridiculous being only one step—we ride to the hotel to take luncheon. The inn being located close to the seashore, we remain at the latter for a short time after luncheon, as the day is bright and the marine scenery attractive. Toward three o'clock the jinrikishas are again resorted to and we are taken to Mr. Takahashi's country place, about an hour's ride, which we have promised to visit en route. It is a nice Japanese villa, with a fine vista over the ocean, facing Fujiyama, of which one gets a perfect view from the front piazza of the villa, though the atmosphere being somewhat misty, we have to content ourselves with the outlines of the mountain. Returning to the railroad station, we take the train for Yokohama, which we reach shortly after five o'clock, and we join our friends at the Grand Hotel. Being somewhat fatigued

from the day's travel, dinner is taken quietly, and we retire for the evening soon afterwards.

*Wednesday, May 16th.*—I have to go back to Tokio early to-day to fulfill a number of rather important engagements, Mother and the rest of the party preferring not to leave Yokohama again prior to our embarkation, and having therefore declined an invitation to luncheon from Count Inouyé; this they now regret, as they have since learned that the Count possesses one of the most important collections of old China and curios, which, everybody says, would have been greatly worth while seeing. Getting to Tokio at eleven o'clock, I find Mr. Takahashi at the station to take me to the official residence of the Prime Minister, Marquis Saionji, who, having returned from Manchuria the previous day, wishes to get my views on a number of subjects, particularly of a financial nature, before my departure from Japan (an invitation to luncheon, which the Marquis Saionji upon his return extended to us for the morrow, we had to decline owing to the proximity of our departure). I stay with the Prime Minister for almost two hours, Mr. Takahashi being present and acting as interpreter, Mr. Sakatani, the Minister of Finance, also coming in later by invi-

tation, to join the conference. Marquis Saionji assures me that the views to which I give expression will go far to mold his own—particularly in regard to the financing of the Manchurian Railway and the manner of its control and operation by Japan and China. At the close of the conference the Marquis orders some champagne to be brought in, and he drinks to a pleasant homeward journey of our party, after which I leave the residence of the Prime Minister and drive with Mr. Takahashi to Count Inouyé's, where we are expected for luncheon. Here I find the Marquis Ito, who has come on purpose from his distant country seat to meet me, and also Count Matsukata, Baron Iwasaki, Baron Shibusawa, Mr. Sakatani, Mr. Soyeda, Baron Mitsui, and a number of other gentlemen. Count Inouyé takes particular pleasure to display at the luncheon table some of his rarest old Chinese and Japanese porcelains, and expresses much regret that he cannot show these and other rare things he possesses to the ladies, but, in true Japanese liberality, he hands me one of his fine pieces to take to Mother as a souvenir. After luncheon Marquis Ito asks me to retire with him for a little while, as he wishes to learn something of the impressions I had received in



Korea, of which he is the resident-general, and the destiny of which country is now in his hands, and also to make me acquainted with his own views upon divers matters, especially the Manchurian Railway and the policy of Japan in the new lands and markets which have come under its influence. The old statesman is full of youthful vigor, most liberal and advanced in his views, and particularly impressive when he expresses himself upon the imperative necessity that Japan maintain to the furthest its pledge of the "open door" in Korea and Manchuria. He also speaks of the relations between China and Japan, in which he foresees no difficulties, except that China, for the present, appears unwilling to follow Japan in its liberal policy toward the commerce of other nations, but he expresses the belief that this in time will adjust itself. Again joining the other company, the reflection forces itself upon me how fortunate I am to meet together Count Inouyé, Count Matsukata, and Marquis Ito, the triumvirate of creators of modern Japan, and to be honored with their confidences. Upon leaving to return to Yokohama, I first drive to the German Embassy to visit Baron von Mumm, the new ambassador, who has just been transferred from

Pekin to Tokio, and who had visited me in New York when he passed through some four years ago. The ambassador receives me most cordially, and we talk not only of far Eastern conditions, but also of our beloved common native town, Frankfort on the Main. I can, however, not stay very long, as I have to catch my train, and at five o'clock I find myself back in Yokohama, Mother having spent the day completing her purchases. The evening is spent at the Oriental Hotel, where Budge and Neustadt have invited us for a sumptuous farewell dinner among ourselves.

*Thursday, May 17th.*—This being the last full day in Japan, a great many minor matters have to be attended to, which occupy most of the day. In the afternoon Mother and I go to take tea with old Mrs. Scidmore, who, notwithstanding her eighty-two years, makes a very entertaining hostess, and having resided here for over twenty years, she tells us much of interest about the American colony, both in Yokohama and Tokio. We have promised to spend the last evening in Japan with Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Howard, agent for the Pacific Mail, and one of the most respected foreign residents of Yokohama. We meet there at dinner Mr. Koopman, representative of the Standard Oil

Company, and his daughter; also Consul-General and Mrs. Miller, very pleasant people, the evening passing very sociably.

*Friday, May 18th.*—The day of our departure from Japan has come. We leave behind us eight most interesting and instructive weeks. We have been received in Japan probably with greater cordiality than almost any foreigners who have come here in recent years; we have made a large number of friends and acquaintances, through whom we have learned much of life and conditions in this wonderful land. Now time is up and we are glad to return to the dear ones whom we have left behind in our own beloved country. Visitors come in early to say good-by, and a considerable number await us at the pier and on the *Empress of Japan*, which is to carry us across the Pacific. Mr. and Mrs. Takahashi and members of their household have come to bring their young daughter Wakiko, of whom we are to have charge for the next two years, the girl being desirous of getting an American education. She is just fifteen years old, knows no English or other foreign language, and is a typical Japanese maiden. Mother believes it somewhat of a responsibility we are undertaking in assuming charge

of the girl and her education, but Mr. Takahashi has shown himself so good a friend, and it appears so tempting a problem to introduce this young Japanese maiden into a new world of speech and thought, that we have decided to endeavor to assume the responsibility. Among others who have come to say good-by are Count Inouyé, Baron Shibusawa, Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Laughlin, on behalf of the American Embassy; Mr. Beckey, manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank; Mr. and Mrs. Soyeda and their daughter, Mr. Mori, Mr. Fukai, Mr. Kitashima, and many others, among whom is also the Governor of Yokohama province. Telegrams are received from almost everyone we know in Tokio, also flowers in great profusion, many of the state ministers sending a goodly supply. Punctually at twelve o'clock the steamer weighs anchor and amid cheers we are off upon our journey homeward bound.

The boat is pleasant, more like a very large yacht; its rooms are large and comfortable, and, if the weather remains favorable, we shall be satisfied with her; for an agitated sea she appears somewhat small in comparison with the big steady *Manchuria*, upon which we came hither. The boat is very full and we find

some acquaintances among the passengers. As most of our party are somewhat fatigued, especially Mother, who is just beginning to feel the considerable strain of our many doings during our stay in Japan, we retire after a luncheon for a "nappy" afternoon, to meet later at the dinner table. No one surrenders to the wiles of the ocean, all coming to the evening meal and appearing to enjoy it, after which we soon seek the comforts of our bunks.

*Saturday, May 19th, to Monday, May 28th.*— Nothing eventful having happened, it is needless to record daily our doings and experiences on board the *Empress of Japan*. The journey across the Pacific, which in these northern waters is said to be at all seasons wet and unpleasant, has been quite satisfactory. While we did not have very much sunshine, one could be on deck every day, and, with the exception of two or three days, when the sea was somewhat choppy, the journey was quite smooth. The boat behaved admirably, going at all times very steady, while the food and general arrangements were also quite satisfactory. The company on board was rather uninteresting and there was little social life. My own daily round consisted in breakfast at nine o'clock, a

visit to Mother in her cabin for a morning chat, an hour's walk on deck, and reading until luncheon at half past one o'clock. Then another short walk, a little nap, reading and writing until after six o'clock, another hour's walk, and dinner at half past seven o'clock. Toward nine o'clock a game of bridge with Budge, Neustadt, and Ernst Schiff, lasting about two hours, and to bed not far from midnight. This was the daily routine. We expect to reach Vancouver to-morrow, Tuesday, May the 29th, and shall then have completed our interesting journey to the Far East. It has been most satisfactory in every respect, as the foregoing record amply proves. I am truly grateful that everything has passed off so smoothly and that we are again about to reach the North American continent in perfect health and fine spirits.

*Tuesday, May 29th.*—On rising in the morning land is in sight, and we are rapidly nearing Victoria, B. C., where the steamer is to make its first landing. Before docking we are delayed for some little time to pass the quarantine inspection, which is particularly strict against Japanese and Chinese immigrants, of whom we have quite a number on board, not to speak of Hindoos, of whom there are likewise a number

among the steerage passengers. It is a strange picture to see these different races crowded together upon the lower decks preparatory to the inspection by the authorities. After some time this inspection is finished, and we soon make fast to the dock, where a small number of passengers disembark. The agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company comes on board to inform me that two private cars are awaiting our party at Vancouver and that all arrangements have been made to move us at our convenience promptly over the Canadian Pacific Railway. I am also visited by the agent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who offers his services, which I utilize by sending a number of telegrams and cable messages announcing our safe arrival to children, relatives, and friends. Soon the steamer is en route again for Vancouver, a distance of some six hours from Victoria. It is a beautiful sail, the weather being perfect, and we reach Vancouver at about six o'clock in the afternoon. We repair to the Hotel Vancouver, a very satisfactory hostelry, where it is our intention to remain until the following evening. We are made very happy by letters from our children and beloved ones in New York, reporting upon the events of several weeks,

and we also receive telegrams advising us that all are in good health and condition. The hour has become somewhat late, and, after taking dinner, we retire.

*Wednesday, May 30th.*—This is the feast of Pentecost, but so far away from home the day is unfortunately wanting in impressiveness. We are told that the park of the town is worth while visiting, and we leave the hotel soon after breakfast for a drive into the park. The latter occupies an island, connected by a short bridge with the town, and while this park is somewhat primitive, yet it is quite attractive, with its tall trees and fine vistas upon the bay. Ernst Schiff and I leave the carriages and the party about midway in the park, the party desiring to drive back, while Ernst and I walk home, a distance of some three miles. We reach the hotel in time for luncheon, after which the preparations for our departure are made. We leave at five o'clock for the railroad station, where we find two very commodious private cars, sent by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, awaiting us, in charge of Mr. Hudson, one of the trusted and experienced superintendents of the dining service of the Union Pacific Company, who had taken charge of



us on our outward journey. We make ourselves comfortable, and soon are moving eastward. The evening advances rapidly, but we can yet enjoy some pleasant scenery before it gets dark. Dinner is served toward eight o'clock, and later a game of bridge is indulged in; before long it is time to retire.

*Thursday, May 31st.*—Upon rising we find ourselves in the midst of the grandest mountain scenery. The railroad passes one picturesque canyon after the other, the snow-capped giants, the rushing streams widening at places into large lakes, forming a continuously changing, impressive picture. We pass Mount Donald, Mount Stephen, then the celebrated glacier at Glacier Station, and, as evening comes upon us, a day of the most wonderful scenic effects has been enjoyed. Our train is, however, several hours behind time, and as it is not expected to reach "Banff," where we intend to remain for two days, until two o'clock in the morning (instead of ten o'clock in the evening), we direct our cars to be detached upon the train's arrival at Banff, and retire for the night.

*Friday, June 1st.*—Here we are at Banff Station, and, after taking breakfast on the cars, we repair to the Banff Springs Hotel, one of the many inns the

Canadian Pacific Railway Company has planted along its line from Vancouver to Montreal, and all of which seem to be kept in a superior manner. Banff is a beautifully situated mountain resort, the surrounding snow-capped mountains, the Bow and Spray rivers, which unite here, the former leaping into the latter over steep rocks and thus forming a picturesque waterfall, make this a very beautiful and attractive spot. The Canadian Government has reserved this entire area as a national park and is doing considerable to make accessible the natural beauties of the park. After luncheon we take carriages and drive into the surrounding country. We visit the buffalo herd, consisting of some fifty of these now almost extinct animals, mostly very large and fine specimens. We also visit the Sulphur Water Cave, said to demonstrate in its formation how geysers develop. A long subterranean passage leads to a cave into which a mild sulphur water wells from the earth, the cave itself receiving its light and ventilation from a hole in the dome-shaped top, which opening, we are told, has been made by the gases and water forcing themselves through, and in years gone by having been the outlet of a geyser. Having enjoyed our outing to the full, we return to

the hotel toward evening, and with dinner, conversation, and reading the day is soon at an end.

*Saturday, June 2d.*—This we decide to make a day of perfect rest. We take a short walk in the morning and a somewhat longer one in the afternoon. Toward evening Otto Schiff, who several weeks ago had come from England to visit Canada on business matters, arrives to meet us and to join us on our journey East; he brings us welcome news from New York, which he passed through some three weeks ago. The evening passes in conversation with the newcomer, and, as is now the habit, a game of bridge is indulged in before we retire.

*Sunday, June 3d.*—Our stay at peaceful Banff is at an end. Much recreated by the two days' idyllic rest, we return to our cars at about ten o'clock in the morning and have them attached to the "Imperial Limited" en route for Montreal. Shortly after leaving Banff we pass out of the mountain region and emerge upon the great plain, which extends some fifteen hundred miles to Lake Superior. We pass many towns, villages, and hamlets, all sprung up quite recently, but nothing of special interest offers itself. The day is passed with reading, talking, and a bit of bridge play-

ing, not to speak of the meals, which form the milestones in the daily routine of railroad travel, and, being ten at table, always form a pleasant and entertaining gathering. In this northern country darkness at this time of the year sets in very late, and the evening being short, before we are aware of it the hour to retire has arrived.

*Monday, June 4th.*—This is a quiet, uneventful day. We are traversing the wide, unbroken, and to a great extent yet uncultivated prairies of Western Canada, in the forenoon the Province of Alberta, and Manitoba in the afternoon. It is worth while to observe the many new hamlets and villages springing up along the line of the railroad and which so pointedly mark the march of empire and civilization. To me in particular this development is fascinating. Having been, to some extent, connected some twenty years ago with the early financing of the Canadian Pacific Railway, over which we are traveling, and having at that time frequently had to hear the prophecy from pessimistic opponents of the enterprise that the principal traffic of the road would be snow and ice, I again become impressed, as I have been so often before, that there is no room for the pessimist and cheap

prophet on this great continent, the hope and the future of the millions who, driven from the narrowness of the Old World, are turning the North American wilderness into God's paradise, a happy haven for a goodly part of the human race. We reach Winnipeg toward evening, and soon the day is at an end.

*Tuesday, June 5th.*—This morning finds us at Fort William, near the northwesterly corner of Lake Superior. The station master brings the mail, which has been sent him for us from New York, and we are made happy with the good reports the letters convey. Soon we are gliding along the north shore of Superior. It is not only a fine view this expanse of the big lake with its many islets at our feet, but we also admire the wonderful construction of the railroad, which is literally hewn into the rocky border of the lake, following like a snake its many windings. This goes on for hours, the lake scenery continually changing and opening new, fine vistas. Interest is thus kept alive almost the entire day, and before we are aware of it the time has come for the evening meal. This being the birthday of our son Mortimer, the entire party gladly embraces the opportunity to empty a glass of

champagne to his health and happiness; another day has gone by.

*Wednesday, June 6th.*—As we expect to reach Montreal toward evening, the day suffers somewhat in sociability, everybody being on the *qui vive* for the arrival. A little reading, some talking, a couple of hours' bridge playing in the afternoon, and we get to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. We get a good view of the Parliament buildings, picturesquely located on a high bluff, overlooking the river. On we pass through old Canada, and, as evening arrives, we reach Montreal, where we have decided to remain for a day before we proceed to New York, completing our journey. Consequently, we leave our cars and drive to the Place Viger Hotel, take dinner, and after a short walk, we retire for the night.

*Thursday, June 7th.*—Having been four days on the rail, the comforts of a steady bed and a refreshing bath are much enjoyed by all. To start the stay in the larger town properly the ladies decide to go on a shopping expedition, and during their exploration of the bargain counters, I visit Mr. Clouston, the general manager of the Bank of Montreal, an old business friend, who receives me most cordially and explains

many interesting matters in connection with Canadian banking. I then call upon Sir Thomas Shaughnessie, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to express appreciation of the courtesies received from his company in the transportation of our cars from Vancouver to Montreal. Remaining with Sir Thomas for some time we talk of olden times and events during the infancy of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as well as of the men who built up this great system, which has contributed so much toward the political consolidation and strength of the Dominion, and at the same time has so greatly helped to make it prosperous. Leaving the Canadian Pacific Railway offices I return to the hotel to call for Mother, Otto, and Ernst Schiff to drive to the residence of Sir William Van Horne, from whom we had accepted an invitation for luncheon. Sir William Van Horne, the early general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, later its vice-president, then president, and now chairman of the board of directors, is a man of high artistic taste. He has built a spacious residence filled with art treasures, his paintings including fine examples of the old masters and also of the early English school. He is, moreover, an amateur painter of

no mean caliber, some of the landscapes he has painted showing considerable originality and strength of color. His collections of Japanese and Chinese curios, as well as porcelains, include many exquisite examples, and it is a matter of much regret to us that we have not the time to give these collections more than a cursory inspection before and after luncheon. At the latter we meet Lady Van Horne, the son and daughter of the house, and also Sir Thomas Shaugnessie. We leave toward four o'clock and call at the hotel for the other members of our party to drive to the Victoria Hospital, which Mr. Clouston (of the Bank of Montreal), one of the hospital's active directors, has invited us to inspect. The Victoria Hospital is located upon an elevation at the foot of Mount Royal Park in a square containing twenty-seven acres, was constructed at the expense of Lord Mountstephen and Lord Strathcona, has been very liberally endowed by these men—sufficient to support its entire annual expenditures—and presented by them to the city. It contains 300 beds, a training school for nurses, and is equipped in the most approved modern manner. To have the means, the heart, and the public spirit to carry out so beneficent an undertaking must in itself be a great happiness and a blessing



both to the generous givers—with whom I have the satisfaction to be personally acquainted, especially with Lord Mountstephen—and cannot but serve as a stimulus to others to be public-spirited and to do good. From the hospital we drive into Mount Royal Park, which in its fresh green verdure looks most beautiful. We have a fine view from the observatory terrace, overlooking the city and its surroundings. The afternoon having meantime far advanced, we return to the hotel to get ready for our departure, and we find ourselves again on board of our cars at half past seven o'clock, sitting down to dinner while the train moves out of the station. This being the parting meal before our expected arrival at New York in the early morning, Neustadt and Budge both wax eloquent, and in warm sentiments express their appreciation of Mother's and my own hospitality and of all the many interesting sights and attentions we have procured for them during the three and a half months' journey, now so happily ended, by God's mercy, in good health and without any mishap. Dinner over, the ladies retire to prepare for an early rise, and soon we have all sought, for the last time, our beds before we come once more into our own home, as we hope to do to-morrow.

*Friday, June 8th.*—We rise early and take a last breakfast upon the cars, which have brought us so comfortably from the Pacific to the Atlantic. At about eight o'clock the train rolls into the Grand Central Station and our long journey is ended. Felix, Mortimer, and Adèle are awaiting us with other friends at the station, and we are as happy to see the dear faces again as they are to see us. Leaving the station we drive to the boat at Forty-second Street and North River, which conveys us to the Atlantic Highlands, where we take the train for Seabright. Arriving at Seabright shortly after eleven o'clock, we find Frieda, Carola, Frederick, and Gerald (and also Eda Loeb) awaiting us, all smiles like ourselves; we are rapidly driven to our own dear country home, where Baby Paul likewise welcomes us home. "East or west, home is best." Thus is ended our journey to the "Far East," covering 20,000 miles during an absence of fourteen weeks. Successful from start to finish, we are grateful to God for the good health all of us have enjoyed throughout, for having indeed blessed "our going out and our coming in." It has been the most interesting episode of our lives, to which we hope to be permitted to look back for many years to come,

and when we have passed away, perhaps this record of the enjoyable journey of the parents and grandparents may stimulate the interest of children and grandchildren in a civilization which is now so rapidly changing, and in countries destined to play a most important rôle in history yet unwritten.

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